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FIRST CLASS

FIRST CLASS

FROM

KIRBY PAGE

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LA HABRA, CALIFORNIA

TO

Dr Sherwood Eddy  
108 Finley Street  
Jacksonville Illinois

FIRST CLASS

9th letter 4th

??

TRUMPETING THE GOOD NEWS

The Autobiography of Kirby Page

Too many conventional  
populatives like "in a velvet room."

The opening <sup>seven</sup> chapters are too long and detailed. They should  
be made more crisp, brief and sparkling if possible. No sentence  
should be retained unless it is important and of interest  
to the reader. They are a bit heavy and pedestrian.  
The moment you begin on the Social gospel it grips.

To

ALMA

and Forty-Eight Years'

Wondrous Comradeship



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place under carbon copy being read

## FOREWORD

For nearly four decades I have been a bear<sup>er</sup> of glad tidings, and in thirty-four different years a million miles of travel in every state of the Union, Canada, Europe, North Africa and Asia has kept me from home half of the time.

Travel began in infancy and during the first six years of my life we lived in six different towns. From first to last our homes have been in eight states - Texas, California, Louisiana, Texas again, Iowa, Illinois, New York, New Jersey, New York again, North Carolina for five summers, California again - in thirty different houses.

It has been my privilege to be closely related to some of the great movements of this generation: the Student Volunteer Movement, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Student Christian Movement, the American Friends Service Committee. Through the years opportunity has come to *it has been my privilege* interview some of the makers of history, and to form friendships with many leaders of religion and education in various lands.

The purpose of this book is to survey some of the changes which have taken place in our lifetime, to consider some of the problems we faced, and to describe some of my experiences in childhood, as Association secretary, college and seminary student, secretary to Sherwood Eddy and John R. Mott, pastor, evangelist, editor and author. The chapter which is anticipated with most eagerness is the concluding one where I will share some convictions which have been forming during these decades.

Men of my age have lived through more cataclysmic changes than have occurred in any other sixty-five years of history; two world wars and many smaller armed conflicts; revolutions in Russia, Germany, Austria,

Italy, China, Japan, India; convulsive social upheavals all over the earth; and a transformation of the way of life in the United States.

For nearly forty years I have been <sup>had to face</sup> grappling with the formative "isms" of our time - nationalism, patriotism, militarism, imperialism, internationalism, capitalism, fascism, nazism, communism, socialism. Time has been available for extensive reading and <sup>discussion</sup> for conversation which has stretched through the decades. An effort has been made to view these contrasting social systems in the light of Jesus' revelation of the character of God. My determination has been to maintain a religious frame of reference, and to discover the will of "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The conviction deepens with me that the endeavor to know God's purpose for individuals and for society is man's most important exploration. And since God's will for us must flow from the innermost depths of his own being, growth in understanding the divine nature is the most significant phase of human progress. This would be a futile search except for the eagerness of our Father to reveal himself, and the initiative which he always takes in guiding us into truth and goodness. The realization becomes ever more vivid that my own sins and spiritual immaturity are the clouds which obscure for me the purpose of God. If I had my life to live over, less emphasis would not be placed upon social problems, but the endeavor would be made to saturate every address, every conversation, and every written chapter with emphasis upon the transcendent importance of finding the will of God in all areas of behavior, and penitently getting power from him to do it.

One of the richest <sup>groups for</sup> blessings has been my continuing enjoyment of fellowship in prayer groups and intimate sharing companies. From college days until these words are being written, corporate prayer has enriched



my life more than can be realized. Year after year, I have been prayed for, while persisting in intercession, until "the fellowship of the saints" is not merely an expression but an experience. And to all these friends my heart goes out in warmest gratitude.

## Chapter 1

### THE AMERICA IN WHICH I GREW UP

*Abbreviate slightly*

Midway between the end of the Civil War and the beginning of the First World War, on August 7, 1890, I was born in Fred, Texas, a hamlet in Tyler County, forty miles north of Beaumont and thirty miles from the Louisiana border.

Only thirteen years previously had the last unit of the Federal army of occupation been withdrawn from Louisiana, thus ending the South's terrible ordeal of military subjugation. My people on both sides belong to the Confederacy, and resided in Louisiana. They endured the hardships of wartime, felt the humiliation of defeat, suffered under the dreadful rule of Carpetbaggers and Scalawags, were engulfed in the South's utter economic ruin, and went through the severe panic of 1873. Life in those days was raw and rugged.

The population of the United States in 1890 was 63 million persons, nearly two-thirds of whom lived in rural areas. In all the land there were only 28 cities with population as high as 100,000, and only 134 cities of 25,000 or more.

For the whole country average earnings were \$438 per year, and the average for farm labor was \$233 without board. Multiply these figures by three and you will have purchasing power relative to the value of the dollar today. This means that at present prices industrial workers averaged less than \$1,500 per year, while farm labor received about \$700 at the present price level. The earnings in Texas were lower than these averages for the entire nation, with the result that life was then <sup>privation</sup> simple indeed.

Of course, we had no running water in the house, no bathroom and toilet, no electric lights, refrigerators, washing machine, phonograph, radio, television; and no movies, commercialized entertainment or professional sports. Our houses were usually small, with a minimum of crude furniture, mattresses stuffed with cornshucks or cotton or feathers and often without springs, wood stove, kerosene lamps and candles, large pitchers and washbasins, galvanized washtubs for our Saturday night baths, outdoor well and outdoor privy.

The roads were primitive, with practically no pavement and few paved sidewalks or streets. Automobiles did not arrive in that section until I was in my teens, and I can well remember the first one that I ever saw. Telephones were few and far between, and we did not have one in our house until after we were married.

in 1890;

Benjamin Harrison was President of the United States; the expenditures of the Federal Government in that year totaled 318 million dollars, of which 45 millions went to the War Department and 22 millions to the Navy; there were 166,000 civil employees of the Government; and the enrollment in the High Schools of the nation was 357,813.

Queen Victoria had been ruling for fifty-three years and was to reign until I was eleven. Kaiser Wilhelm assumed power in 1888. Czar Nicholas II ascended the throne when I was four; Lenin the year of my birth was a young revolutionary in St. Petersburg; Stalin was eleven; and Karl Marx had gone to his reward seven years before. Jane Addams had founded Hull House in Chicago the previous year, and Jefferson Davis had passed away. Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks had been dead for three years. Franz Liszt for four years, Richard Wagner for seven, Johannes Brahms for seven, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Ralph Waldo Emerson for eight,



William Cullen Bryant for twelve. The American Federation of Labor had been organized four years previously. The year before I was born John L. Sullivan won from Jack Kilrain in a bare-knuckle fight that went 75 rounds in New Orleans.

The University of Chicago was founded in 1890, Dwight L. Eisenhower was born in that year, Yosemite National Park and Sequoia National Park were opened, the Sherman Anti-Trust Law was enacted, Woodrow Wilson went to Princeton, Theodore Roosevelt was United States Civil Service Commissioner, Jacob Riis wrote How The Other Half Lives, and Lyman Abbott in The Christian Union urged readers not to "refuse to play croquet simply because it was a modified game of billiards on the lawn."

I was a year old when basketball was invented by Naismith at the Springfield Y. M. C. A. Training School, Charlie Chaplin was born, James Russell and the-greatest-show-on-earth Barnum died;

I was two when Charles Duryea brought out a one cylinder automobile, Gladys Mary Smith (Mary Pickford to you) was born, Alfred Tennyson, John Greenleaf Whittier and Walt Whitman passed into the great beyond;

three when Gandhi launched his campaign of non-violent resistance in South Africa, the Ford Motor Company was organized, Leland Stanford died, the terrible panic of that year brought ruin to America, and the open frontier with free land was near its end;

four when the Chinese-Japanese War began, Oliver Wendell Holmes died, and Coxey led his march of unemployed to Washington;

five when the income tax law was invalidated by the Supreme Court, Herbert Hoover was graduated from Stanford, and the first Gillette safety appeared;

six when George W. Carver went to Tuskegee, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Susan B. Anthony died, Utah and Idaho became the third and fourth

states to ~~except~~ adopt woman suffrage (after Wyoming and Colorado), Marconi gave his first demonstration of wireless telegraphy, and William Jennings Bryan was nominated for the Presidency;

seven when Fitzsimmons won from Gentleman Jim Corbett, Charles M. Sheldon wrote In His Steps, Henry George died, and the Klondike gold rush was on;

eight when the Spanish American War began, Schumann-Heink first toured America, Frances E. Willard, William E. Gladstone and Prince Bismarck died, and The Rosary was first sung in Boston;

nine at the beginning of the South African War, Kipling wrote The White Man's Burden, Robert L. Ingersoll, Dwight L. Moody and Heration Alger Jr. died, Edwin Markham wrote The Man With The Hoe, the first automobile to cross the Missouri River was carried by rail to Wichita, and Albert Schweitzer received his first doctor's degree;

ten when Ty Cobb began playing with the Tigers, Christy Mathewson with the Giants, and Honus Wagner with the Pirates, the first Davis Cup tennis matches were played, the first subway in American was begun, and the Galveston flood took 6,000 lives;

eleven when the Spindletop oil well at Beaumont blew in, the United States Steel Corporation was founded, Robert M. LaFollette became Governor of Wisconsin, Giuseppe Verdi died, and Teddy Roosevelt invited Booker T. Washington to dine at the White House;

thirteen when The Great Train Robbery, the first motion picture with a connected story, was shown, the first automobile crossing from New York to San Francisco was made in 52 days, radium was discovered by Madame Curie and her husband, Caruso began to reign at the Metropolitan; barber-



shep quartets were singing Sweet Adeline, and Lincoln Steffens and other muckrakers began their exposure of corruption in American cities;

fourteen at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, the completion of the Panama Canal, and the arrest of a woman in New York City for smoking a cigarette on Fifth Avenue;

fifteen when Will Robers was featured at a horse show in Madison Square Garden, Jay Cooke died, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America was founded, and a yellow fever epidemic swept New Orleans;

sixteen at the time of the San Francisco earthquake, the first demonstration of broadcasting, Marshall Field died, the forward pass was introduced in football, and Joe Gans won from Battling Nelson in 42 rounds;

seventeen when the peak number of immigrants arriving in the United States reach 1,285,349 in that year, Statler built in Buffale the first hotel with a private bath in every room, and Walter Rauschenbusch published Christianity and the Social Crisis.



## Chapter 2

*Revised slightly*

My father, James Andrew Thomas Page, was born on April 16, 1862, in East Texas. My mother, Julia Isabella Pounds, was born on August 30, 1865, on the old plantation not far from Bogalusa, Louisiana. Mother belonged to a large family, her father Isham Johnson Pounds and her mother Sarah Kellar have one son and eight daughters. Grandfather Pounds was of English-Welsh descent, a Baptist minister, a slave holder and a Confederate soldier. Mother was the youngest of ten children, and unfortunately in her childhood was told that she had been an unwanted baby. Mother and father were second-cousins, and were married on January 13, 1884, and moved to Texas. The fact that mother knew that father had been disappointed in his first love and that she was second choice was a factor in the bad start with which they began married life. Their first child died at birth, <sup>my brother</sup> Alexander Leek was born on September 4, 1887, I appeared on August 7, 1890, Perry Leek arrived on July 31, 1894, Bessie came on May 16, 1898 and passed away on March 19, 1900.

The hamlet Fred where I was born was hardly more than a wide place in the road, and not much of a road at that, in the midst of heavy timber. Twenty miles away was the Big Thicket, a forest of two million acres, with almost impenetrable jungle and plenty of alligators, which provided a hiding place for gangs of bushwhackers and desperadoes. I was named for Henry Kirby who lived across the road, an uncle of John Henry Kirby, who became a wealthy lumberman and civic leader in Houston. Twelve miles distant the village of Kirbyville was founded four years after my birth. The Neches River is four miles away, and forty miles to the south is Beaumont. In 1901 conditions were so wild and lawless that the Mayor of Beaumont issued a public warning to citizens "to tote guns an' tote 'em in your hands, not on your hips, so everyone can you you're loaded."

Father was engaged in the timber business, but apparently was not doing well because the year after I was born the family moved "a far piece" to Hondo, 42 miles beyond San Antonio, in the wild and woolly west. The journey of about 350 miles was made in a covered wagon. In Hondo father opened a small store, but he did not stay with it long because he decided to study medicine. In all America at that time there were not many well trained doctors, and in such a pioneer region as Texas the standard was primitive. It is not surprising therefore that father had only two periods of five months each as his total medical education. Leaving mother to run the little store and provide for two children, father matriculated in Arkansas Industrial University, in Little Rock, on November 21, 1891, for the term of about five months. Then our family moved to Serbin, where father began the practice of medicine. The next year found us in Paige, where after a short period of medical practice, and three months after Perry's birth, father went for further training to the Memphis Hospital Medical College in Tennessee. We then moved to Wheelock, following which in 1896 father established a medical practice in Lott, twenty-eight miles south of Waco, where we remained until 1905.

My earliest recollections begin with Wheelock, where for a single day I attended school. I was so lonely, frightened and cried so loudly that mother did not have the heart to send me back. So my schooling was done in Lott. Father was a horse-and-buggy doctor, with a practice which took him out to remote places at all times of the day and night in every sort of weather. He had a belligerent disposition and always went armed (as many men did in that day) and kept a loaded 44 in a drawer of his office desk. He had several shooting scraps and a number of fistfights, knock-down-and-drag-out affairs, and I remember once seeing him covered with blood from head to foot.



Early we learned to ride his horses, and there are tall tales of the narrow escapes we had. Once we dared Leak to jump off the smoke-house, and in coming down he encountered a clothes line, cutting his mouth badly. From that same ~~sixty~~ height I jumped and hit my head on a stump. In hoeing cotton one day I nicked Leak on the back of his heel. I cannot remember which one of us it was who pushed the other out of the window on broken glass. We played the usual running and chasing games, and had our share of fights. Our baseball team made a memorable trip to Chilton, six miles away, with Leak pitching while I was behind the bat. With dogs we hunted cottontails and jackrabbits, and shot birds with our small rifle. One of our sports was trapping field larks, "feelarks" we called them. Once when trying to pull a rabbit out of a hole, I got hold of a skunk and received the full benefit of his barrage, and when I reached him it appeared that mother no longer loved me. When fourteen, in running across ploughed ground where the clods were about as hard as bricks, I fell and broke a kneecap, and was kept<sup>+</sup> in bed for three months and had to walk on crutches for another six months.

When I was ten or eleven our home was broken by divorce. Father and mother had proved to be incompatible almost from the beginning. He had a fiery temper and was impetuous, while she was strong willed and sensitive. He began drinking heavily, partly because of long hours of exposure to all kinds of weather. Finally he disappeared, leaving us without any means of support. Then came letters demanding that mother obtain a divorce, against which she had strong religious scruples. When she persisted in her refusal, he threatened to kill himself. So in desperation, ~~and~~ she obtained a divorce, and he married again. After that I saw him only a few times before his death on July 6, 1931. My reason for not seeing



him and carrying on correspondence with him was mother's strong objection. She implored us not to visit him or communicate with him. It is a source of deep regret to me now that father passed so completely out of my life.

Mother took in boarders, and we boys did odd jobs. One summer I clerked in a grocery store for \$5 a month. And I had a job in a produce store, sorting vile-smelling hides, and candling eggs, that is, holding them before a candle and testing them for freshness. I receiving extra compensation in the form of rotten eggs, which I threw at trees. During some summer vacations we picked cotton for the neighboring farmers, receiving fifty to sixty cents per hundred pounds. The most that I ever picked in one day was 226 pounds when the picking was especially good. Usually I dragged in from 80 to 150 pounds. With our earnings one summer mother let us order bicycles from Sears, Roebuck and Company in Chicago. No owner of a Rolls Royce ever received a greater thrill than we did when we took them out of the crates. We kept a cow, chickens, pigs, and had a garden and fruit trees, thus providing ourselves with much of our food.

One of the excitements we had was being routed of bed in the middle of the night by mother and hustled into the storm-house. Hard winds and cyclones were frequent and houses were often blown down, so almost every family in town had built a dug-out with roof above ground. A couple of bunks were built in, old quilts were stored, and a kerosene lamp was ready for an emergency. In that area lightning is vivid and thunder is often deafening. When it rained hard we said, "It's raining bull-yearlings." I remember vividly an especially terrible storm which hit us on September 8, 1900, and raged all the next day. Eventually we learned that this storm had inundated the island on which Galveston is built, to a depth of ten to twenty feet

in many sections of the city, and that 6,000 persons had been drowned. Years later I found out that Alma's <sup>my wife's</sup> step-father had been in Galveston on that awful night, and had saved his life by floating on his back for several hours.

For nine years we were cooped up in Lott, although several times we drove in a buggy to Marlin, twelve miles away, and once we had the thrill of riding on the train to far-off Waco, twenty-eight miles distant. A few times we drove out to nearby Westphalia, where there was a large Catholic Church, which frightened us terribly, because we were told that the basement was full of guns and ammunition which sometime might be used against us Protestants.

From the moment of my earliest recollections, our family was religious, attending church, Sunday School and prayer meeting with regularity. Mother and father belonged to the Church of Christ, where the members proudly referred to them as Non-Progressives, in distinction from the Churches of Christ which held more modern views. We did not have a regular minister, but once when an evangelist was holding a meeting, at the age of thirteen, I went down and made the confession, and the next day was immersed in a farmer's outdoor tank. I was taught that we were the true church and only our members would be saved, all other church members and non-members would be damned eternally in a literal hell of fire. I remember once an evangelist displayed behind the pulpit a crude painting of a sinner being held by the hair of his head over a flaming lake of fire, and in his sermons gave us adequate warning.

Soon after I joined the church, I became concerned about the salvation of my closest friend, a boy of my own age, Basil Hayes, son of a local doctor. Out behind the barn I talked with him most earnestly, saying, "Basil, you don't need to go to hell. Come over and join our



church and be saved." He proved to be recalcitrant and went on his <sup>de</sup>unreemed way as a Baptist! That was a day of religious debates and I have a vague memory of a spirited contest between a Church of Christ preacher and a Baptist.

Our Sunday School class for boys and girls met in one corner of the single-room church, and was taught by an elderly German, Brother Gott,. At the beginning of each session he would say, "Now children, where shall we find our Bible lesson for the day?" And he would open the Bible at random, put his finger on a verse, and that would be the text of our lesson. We believed that every verse of the Holy Book was equally infallible and suitable for instruction. Sunday School literature was then looked upon as a dangerous innovation. No musical instruments were permitted in the church, except a tuning-fork from which we got the pitch for our hymns.

For some reason I never became morbid in fear of hell fire, perhaps because I was so sure that I would never go there. My understanding of religion was narrow and bigoted, but a source of inspiration and discipline. Mother believed that to spare the rod was to spoil the child, and often acted on that principle. The Sabbath, which was Sunday with us, was strictly observed. We were allowed to take walks and to read, but not to go fishing or to play checkers. Of course, our home was never defiled by a deck of playing cards. Many years later I remember that mother was scandalized when she found that a boarder had smuggled a bottle of gin<sup>g</sup>er ale into the ice-box. She admonished him never to do it again, saying, "This is a respectable home."

Mother kept us away from the rough section gang down by the railroad, and only a few times did I overhear obscene stories. We subscribed to



The Youth's Companion and eagerly devoured every word of it. Mother managed to buy a few books and we borrowed others from neighbors. Of course, there was no public library in the town. I remember especially the G. A. Henty and Horatio Alger stories, which assured us that success always comes to good and thrifty boys. Two of my close friends made good in a big way, Tom Currie becoming President of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Austin, and Basil Hayes making a name for himself as a doctor in Oklahoma City. There was a copy of Charles Kingsley's Hypatia in the house, but we boys were not permitted to read it because it would fill our minds with improper suggestions.

My childhood days in Lott were happy and satisfying. Mother was one of the most devoted and sacrificial individuals I have ever known, always doing without things for herself in order that we might have more. She was a tireless worker, strict in her devotion to high principles, and constantly concerned that we should do right. She had strength of will to a rare degree. By nature I was buoyant and expectant, and cannot remember any times of brooding and melancholy. Nothing seemed to get me down. I did well in my classes, enjoyed reading, and zestfully played games. Mother's unhappiness over the death of little Bossie and father's going did not prove to be contagious. To an amazing degree my recollections are jeyous.

We left Lott because of Perry's health. He had pneumonia two winters in succession and the local doctor warned that another attack might take him away. Mother became so alarmed that she decided that we would move to sunny California. From the Chambers of Commerce in Santa Barbara and Pasadena we received beautifully colored folders showing the glories of the respective cities. I can still remember our excitement as

we argued among ourselves before deciding upon Pasadena. Mother sold our house and lot for \$550 cash. We packed our household goods and sent them by freight, and soon, on April 12, 1905, the Southern Pacific was bearing us to our new home. Mother packed enough ~~extant~~ fried chicken, biscuits, cakes and pies to satisfy us until we reached our destination. Thus Perry's health was the first of many ~~subsequent~~ incidents which swerved our lives into different channels.

*Some details above could be omitted.*

### Chapter 3

#### AS A HOTEL BELLHOP IN PASADENA

Upon arrival in Pasadena, mother decided that Leak should at once enter business college for the training which would enable him to become the chief breadwinner of the family. I got a job as delivery boy for the old Boston Store, and my work was done on a bicycle with a wire basket attached. The riding up and down the hills of the city developed my leg muscles in a way that proved to be useful later when in college I played basketball. I went through the usual period of being "smart-alecky" and sometimes rode with my feet on the handlebars. This practice was abruptly terminated when once the front wheel slipped on a streetcar track. Years later I found words to describe what happened, the words of a Congressman who was thrown from his horse, and upon regaining consciousness, exclaimed, "What a mighty upheaval of all nature."

Soon I found a job with better pay, as a bellhop at the La Casa Grande Hotel, on Colorado Street. I can't recall the salary I received, but it was supplemented by gratuities. On Christmas day I received the liberal fortune of ten dollars in tips. My work was the usual running of errands. Our hotel did not handle liquor, but frequently I was sent across the street to Hotel Maryland to bring a bottle to a patron. My conscience bothered me but I did not know what else to do. One morning in carrying a breakfast tray to the manager's wife, I stumbled and emptied it on her as she was stretched out in bed.

In the meantime Leak had finished business college and obtained a position as bookkeeper at the Brand Manufacturing Company, on South Fair Oaks Avenue. After some months at the hotel, I was offered a job at



the same place. My new work was estimating bids on sash and door contracts. I was taught to read blueprints and to calculate the lowest price for which the company could afford to take a job, had other duties in the office, and occasionally did some work at one of the machines in the shop. Beth Leak and I held these positions until we moved from Pasadena.

Before daylight on the morning of April 18, 1906, we were awakened by mother calling us to come quickly. She said that somebody was shaking her bed. We looked but there was no one under the bed. Later we learned that what had frightened her was the earthquake which had been felt over much of the state and had rocked San Francisco, destroying the water-supply system, and with the fire destroying property to the value of 500 million dollars, and taking 500 lives.

We had to watch our pennies, but mother permitted us to go to the old Ostrich Farm, and on New Year's day we attended the Tournament of Roses, and were goggle-eyed at the chariot races, which were the main attraction in those days.

We attended the Central Christian Church, of which the Reverend Frank M. Dowling was minister, and were regular in attendance at Sunday School, morning service, Christian Endeavor and evening service. Leak and I won a prize for memorizing the most Bible verses, and were rewarded with a free trip to Mount Lowe on the inclined railway. Later we three boys climbed to the same spot, and in coming down forsook the trail for a more direct route and almost ran into serious trouble. We made an occasional trip to the beach and enjoyed swimming in the ocean.

We left Pasadena because mother was determined to prevent Leak from marrying the young lady he had selected. Mother strongly disapproved of her and said that she was not worthy of him. When Leak resisted her entreaties to break off the whole affair, mother took drastic action. She announced that we were moving back to her old home in Louisiana.

And this we did. On the continental divide, it takes just a pebble to swerve water from its eastward course and send it into the Pacific ocean. So it was with mother's disapproval of Martha. The course of our lives was diverted into entirely different channels from what would have been the case if Leak and Martha had been married and we had remained in Pasadena, where we were happy and enjoying life to the utmost. In all probability I would never have met my wife, gone to Drake, or traveled with Sherwood Eddy. At any rate, we boarded the train for New Orleans, via Salt Lake City, Colorado and northwest Texas.

As I look back on mother's decision to leave California, the thought comes that perhaps the above explanation is too close to the surface. The deeper reason may have been the leading of God. Many times my life has been turned in new directions by apparently trivial factors. Feeble is our understanding of the workings of God, and dense is the cloud of mystery which enshrouds us.



Chapter 2

IN THE PINEY WOODS OF LOUISIANA

*No separate chapters  
for this. Could be  
omitted.*

*Admission*

We went directly to the old plantation home, where Uncle Leon, Aunt Burnett, and their daughters Inez and Idalia were living. We stayed with them for some weeks, during which we visited many aunts and cousins in that parish. Uncle Leon was engaged in the logging and timber business. Oxen were still being used in pulling the wagons and in farming. At that time virgin pine timber stretched in every direction, and in the swamps the supply of cypress seemed inexhaustible. I remember how far one could go in the woods without encountering a village because Uncle Leon once asked me to do an errand for him in Franklinton, twenty-five miles distant. When I protested that I did not know the way and would get lost, he assured me that Maud had a keen sense of direction and would safely guide me. Off we went through dense timber in which an axe had hardly been put, mile after mile, seeing scarcely a soul and few houses all day. My uncle had been correct, Maud knew the trail and carried me to the exact spot where I wanted to go. Maud was a mule. On the return trip she was equally sure, and as we neared home her pace quickened. In those fifty miles on the back of a mule I had leisure to see a lot of trees.

Rio was the nearest stop on the recently constructed New Orleans and Great Northern Railway, which we called "the Negin." Bogalusa was about five miles away, Lake Pontchartrain was thirty miles distant, and another thirty miles across it was New Orleans. Four years before in Bogalusa the Great Southern Lumber Mill had begun cutting and sawing timber, and soon it became the largest saw mill in the world. In thirty-six years

*L*



it was to spend 100 million dollars in cutting untold billions of feet of lumber.

The woods were full of squirrels and we often shot them, or more precisely, shot at them. I still remember my amazement at the way Old Tip, a former slave who had remained with the Pounds family, could see a squirrel which was quite invisible to us, and with sure aim bring him down. There were wild turkeys in the swamps, and once I brought one home as a trophy - and a delicious meal. Once I missed. Several wagon loads of relatives had come from church for Sunday dinner. While putting the horses in the barn, I saw a flock feeding. Slipping into the house, I got a loaded shotgun, crawled along the fence until within firing range and let go. Every turkey flew away unharmed, and all I got was a severe lecture from mother for desecrating the Sabbath and bringing disgrace upon her. Nearby was the Pearl River and many times we fished from its banks, look across the water to the State of Mississippi.

After our weeks of visiting, we moved twenty-five miles to Covington, near the Lake, in the hope that we boys could find work. After a disappointing short stay, we tried Franklinton, where Leak and I were employed in a grocery store. Mother soon became convinced that Louisiana was not the best place for us and decided that we would move to Houston. Leak stayed in Franklinton for some months so that a little money would continue to come into the family exchequer.

## Chapter 5

### EVENTFUL YEARS IN HOUSTON

*Too detailed*

We arrived in Houston on April 12, 1907 (before I was to be seventeen in August), exactly to ~~xxx~~ a day, two years ~~xxxxxxxx~~ after we departed from Lett. Again mother looked forward to our future and decided that I should enter business college, as Leak had done in Pasadena. So I enrolled in Massey Business College for the bookkeeping course, before taking shorthand and typewriting. The severity of our economic need prompted me to study hard and move along as rapidly as possible. After three months, I shifted to the shorthand department, all unconscious of my fate. There I met a five-foot, jet-black haired, deep-brown eyed young lady from whose charm I have not escaped to this day, Alma Folse by name, until she changed it seven years later to Mrs. Kirby Page.

The class in shorthand was moving too slowly for me, as it was necessary to get out and help support the family, so I asked Professor Ainsworth if it would be possible to go faster. He replied that a young lady had made the same request and that he would form a special class for five or six of us. Thus we were thrown into daily and intimate contact. Before long we exchanged letters written in shorthand and began going places together.

My first job as a stenographer was in the office of the Ziegler Cotton Brokerage Company. My employer was a kind-hearted but gruff and profane old man. After a few months, I obtained a position at the new Y. M. C. A., and began taking dictation from W. A. Scott, the General Secretary, in a shed on the sidewalk before the new building was dedicated. Before a year had passed I became Basement Secretary, with responsibility for supervising the swimming pool and bowling alleys. By that time I had overcome my early notion that bowling was a sinful game. Then I became Boy's Work Secretary, and was sent

*at least*



by the Houston Association on a trip to Omaha, Chicago, Cleveland and Buffalo, to study boys' work in those cities. I received great encouragement and much practical assistance from <sup>four</sup> ~~three~~ of the ablest secretaries in the country - Denison, Crosby, Cracker and Cotton. Before me is an old photograph taken at Niagara Falls, with derby hat, stiff collar and all. I remained with the Houston Association for more than three years, my last position being that of Assistant to the General Secretary, I. E. Munger, who was like a father to me.

Not long after we arrived in Houston, Leak came and found employment as bookkeeper in the Y. M. C. A. Later he transferred to a cash and door manufacturing company. Perry's first job was with Lallier the grocer, before working on the streetcar as conductor. Before he was eighteen, with mother's consent, he enlisted in the Navy and served in the waters of China and the Philippines. We lived at 506 McKinney, where the Houston Public Library now stands. Two blocks away was the old T. R. W. House estate, where Colonel E. M. House lived for a time, before he became intimate with Woodrow Wilson. On the way to the Y. M. C. A., we passed the lumber yard of Jesse H. Jones, who was to become rich and famous.

I was fond of handball and played so often that I became quite a shark at it. Once Walter Hardcastle and I represented the Houston Association in a handball match at Galveston. I enjoyed tennis and ~~learned to play well~~, later <sup>won</sup> winning the Houston doubles championship teamed with R. H. Spencer.

I joined the Central Christian Church, under the Reverend A. F. Sanderson. In 1910 he was succeeded by the Reverend William S. Lockhart, a graduate of the University of Chicago Divinity School, a liberal and forceful preacher. Every Sunday found us at Sunday School, in a class taught by William W. Wilson, morning service, Christian Endeavor, and



evening service. I began to make short talks at Christian Endeavor, and one evening Mrs. Lockhart said to me, "Kirby, you ought to be a preacher." Then Mr. Lockhart came to the Y. M. C. A. one afternoon and talked to me in the lobby, saying that he would help me to get through college in preparation for the ministry.

During the summers of 1909 and 1910, I attended the Y. M. C. A. Summer School at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Here I came into close contact with Association secretaries from all over the Midwest and Southwest. A Bible course under the veteran I. E. Brown influenced me greatly. And I came to know Uncle Robert Weidensall, one of the first Y. M. C. A. secretaries and perhaps the most beloved man in the brotherhood. Before me now is a copy of the Chicago Record-Herald which he handed to me when he had finished reading it on July 28, 1910. On the front page is a cartoon poking fun at the action of the Board of Health in Aurora to the effect that "all persons must take a bath once a week." Also an announcement that Warren G. Harding had been nominated for Governor of Ohio.

Let us go back to the story of Alma Felse. Her father, Louis D. Felse, was of French parentage, and her mother was Minnie Annie Heard. Her father ran a florist shop in Houston, and then worked as carpenter and millwright. Alma was born on September 28, 1890. Her younger sister was named Johnnie Louise, who later went to Baylor University and married John L. Dolson. Her brother Wilfred A. married Iris Dement. Alma's father died when she was twelve, and later her mother married James M. Newman, who worked in the Southern Pacific shops. The family went through hard times and Alma worked for a while in an overalls factory, before entering business college. After several temporary positions, she became stenographer at the Fidelity Cotton Oil and ~~Rock Island~~ Fertilizer Company, and subsequently served also as company telegrapher, at the high salary of \$1,000 per year.

Too detailed

From the beginning days at Massey, Alma and I were drawn together and soon were keeping steady company. She also joined the Central Christian Church, and our Sundays were almost completely absorbed in the activities there. Much of my courting was done via the streetcar, since they lived in Houston Heights. Well do I remember that their house was five blocks from the car line, and once on a rainy night I slipped and fell in the mud, arriving at her door in a condition that had better not be described. After two years we became engaged, on February 20, 1910. That was a memorable occasion, not only because she promised to marry me, but because after my proposal had been accepted, she would not permit me to kiss her, so strongly conditioned had she been against the idea of kissing before marriage. Time marched on, we set the date for our marriage, and Alma purchased the cloth for her wedding dress.

Then an idea hit us like a tornado. The first suggestion of it came from Mrs. Lockhart and then from her husband, perhaps I should become a minister. Alma and I talked about it frequently and became confused about our plans. Then one evening the Lockharts invited us to their home to talk things over. They presented the call of the ministry in glowing colors and made light of the difficulties that I would encounter in getting through college and seminary. As we left their house and were on the sidewalk, Alma took me by the lapel of my coat, looked me in the eyes, and said, "Young man, you are going to college!"

At the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Manger added his word, as did his Mr. Scott, who was then in business in Houston. So Alma packed away her wedding cloth, in spite of her mother's strong disapproval of delay, and we reconciled ourselves to a long wait before beginning wedded life together. My mother was favorable to my leaving home and going to college, although this would mean that she would be compelled to support herself by taking

in roomers and doing outside sewing. Mother was always like that, she put our welfare above her own comfort. Perry was soon to join the Navy, Leak and Norma Eicke had married and they had moved to California, leaving mother alone in Houston. A hundred times I have asked myself if I did the right thing in choosing that moment to leave mother, even though it was for the purpose of equipping myself for fuller service.



## Chapter 6

### REWARDING EXPERIENCES AT DRAKE UNIVERSITY

*Abbreviate*

My four years at Drake were happy, ~~and~~ exhilarating, and rewarding in plentiful measure. I was blessed with robust health and abounding energy, had a high purpose in being there, was completely absorbed in what I was doing, (and received a constant flow of letters from Alma.) ?

I had chosen Drake because the Bible College (now the Divinity School) prepares students for the ministry of the Disciples of Christ (Christian Church), and because of the conclusion that it would be easier to work my through in a city the size of Des Moines. I was offered a part time job at the city Y. M. C. A., but accepted instead stenographic work as secretary to Dean Kirk of the Bible College, and later for Walter S. Athearn and Coach John L. Griffith.

## II

During my day at Drake we came under the influence of a gifted and devoted group of teachers. Professor Athearn and Professor Martin guided me safely through the period of transition from one point of view in religion to a more vital and satisfying experience. The Reverend Charles S. Medbury, minister of the University Christian Church, made an incalculable contribution to my psiritual growth. I was drawn closely to him, partly because in my opening weeks I was elected president of the Christian Endeavor society in the University Church, at that time the largest Christian Endeavor in the world, and was in constant touch with him. Later he was to ordain me to the Christian ministry. Two nights per week in my freshman year were devoted to a boys' club at the downtown Central Christian Church.

With Professor Martin I became especially intimate, partly because I did his stenographic work for a year, and in my senior year graded

philosophy papers in his office. A class in New Testament Greek under Dean Norton was intellectually and spiritually stimulating. He was a dry wit and enlivened the class with such gems as on the occasion when Bill Melendy made a terrible boner in reciting, saying gravely, "Mr. Melendy, if you ever see a specimen like that running loose on the street, grab it by the tail and bring it into class." Once after he caught me napping in an eight o'clock class, he called me into his office and concluded his admonition with the observation, "Mr. Page, you could get this Greek if you would."

In Professor Stringfellow's classes I was introduced to the writings of Walter Rauschenbusch, Washington Gladden, Francis Peabody and other pioneers of the social gospel. My major was in Sociology under Professor Herriott. He was an unreconstructed individualist, spirit<sup>ed</sup> and irascible, and there was never a dull moment in his classes. ~~Mr~~ We used Herbert Spencer's volumes as textbooks, and must have been one of the last classes in the world to do so.

The contrast between Spencer and Rauschenbusch was sharp indeed. The former maintained that the state should intervene only by punishing crimes against person and property, such crimes as are recognized by the common sense of mankind - murder, arson, robbery, assault. Beyond this the state should not interfere with the individual, but leave him alone, laissez-faire. Spencer was opposed to tax-supported education, public libraries, sanitary inspection by government officials, state management of the postoffice, public poor relief, factory legislation, public research, public museums, public parks and recreation centers. Professor Rauschenbusch, on the other hand, was a Christian socialist, who looked upon the state as an instrument in the hands of citizens to be used in promoting their common welfare.



It would have been difficult to have had an experience more provocative of thought than to shuttle back and forth from the classes of Professor Herriott and Professor Stringfellow. Both were excellent teachers. Once in Professor Herriott's class, a football player by the name of Zoo Crowell asked him, "Why is it, professor, that your argument is always the same as that of a saloon keeper?" And for the remainder of the class the fur flew, while the professor's eyes flashed and nervously he tossed his bunch of keys up and down. Once in class I was fool-hardy enough to whisper to John Gratton, "Watch me get him!" Alas, my challenge was overheard and accepted, and before he had finished with me, was my face red! Professor Herriott would not have thanked me for saying it, but he was a major factor in my becoming a socialist Christian. As a friend he was warm and solicitous, and it was he who later handed me a Phi Beta Kappa key. I received special attention in a freshman course in English when Miss Jordan read one of my theme papers to the class - as a flagrant example of how not to do it. I did well enough in my grades to be awarded the Holmes Cowper Trophy which went to the athlete with the highest average grades for the four years, receiving 13 A's, 22 B's, 12 C's, and 2 D's. I was elected to Helmet and Spurs, the senior honorary society.

### III

I was up to my neck in student activities from the moment of arrival on the campus, <sup>being</sup> ~~being~~ older than most freshmen and with wider experience. In the pushball contest, with a six-foot inflated sphere, I was the first to reach the ball, much to my physical discomfort, being hurled back when the more experienced sophomores moved forward in solid phalanx. In the annual fight, we freshmen used eggs of ancient vintage, buying 36 dozen



for a total of twenty cents. With my own hair dripping with yellow yokes, an opponent was down when he entreated me to let him get the egg out of his eyes. One night before a big game we climbed out on the high roof of Old Main and inched our way to the bell tower and left our calling card on the bell.

*In*  
As an experienced tennis player, I won five fall and spring university tournaments, and succeeded in winning the state intercollegiate tennis championship in my junior and senior years, and in those years teamed with Russ Nicholson to win the state doubles championship. Truthfulness demands the admission that college tennis in those days was primitive in contrast ~~back~~ to the quality witnessed in college matches today. Years later, after I had taught our son all the tennis he knew, on the courts of Whittier College, Kay trimmed me severely and as we walked off said in a condescending tone, "The trouble with you, dad, is that you don't know how to hold your racquet!"

*Whittier*  
Basketball was an attractive sport for me and I managed to win my letter three times as a guard. Colleges often have peak years in succession in a given sport. Well, our basketball teams for my three years always were in the valley, losing most of our big games. Were we surprised, therefore when once we walloped Nebraska! In looking over old clippings, I notice these scores: Iowa State 11, Drake 6; Nebraska 21, Drake 4; Grinnell 37, Drake 4. If there had been professional basketball teams in those days, it is certain that I would not have been tempted to turn from the ministry.

In my junior year I was editor of The Quax, our college annual, and for several weeks before publication actually spent eight and ten hours per day on it. I joined a local fraternity, Kappa Lambda, which later became a local chapter of the national fraternity, Alpha Tau Omega.

After leaving Drake I came to the conclusion that national fraternities are not desirable on a college campus, and returned my pin. In the spring of my freshman year, I was elected president of the college Y. M. C. A. and was re-elected for three successive years, chiefly because of my experience in Houston. During part of this time I was almost equivalent to an employed secretary, without the salary!

87 One of my vivid recollections is the rejoinder that invariably came from Harry Leach when I enquired, "How are you doing this morning?" In melancholy tones he would reply, "Oh, I'm feeling a little feak and weeble this morning."

During the Christmas vacation, 1912, the Drake Y sent a Gospel Team to Manson, for evangelistic meetings and personal work among the young people of the community. This was a wonderful experience for me.

On March 26, 1913, <sup>my brother</sup> Leak wrote to me that "Jesus will come again in 1915... There are six or eight different lines of prophecies that all point to 1915. I am in earnest! .... I am satisfied that your college education will scarcely be over when He comes." His long argument did not convince me, and I wrote that I would file his letter and see. Later he said that he was mistaken about the year 1915, but was confident of the speedy return of our Lord.

#### IV

Student preaching was an experience that I greatly enjoyed during my years at Drake. I had come to the university for the purpose of equipping myself for the ministry and had learned to make short talks in Houston and Des Moines, so I welcome the invitation from Marvin Sansbury to preach my first sermon in Redfield, where he was student pastor. In



the spring of 1912 I thus began my preaching ministry. A few weeks later Dean Kirk gave me a chance to try out for a church of my own. I took the train to Udell, laid over five hours waiting for another train to Bunch, where I preached on Saturday night, Sunday morning and Sunday night. At the morning service while I was preaching my notes blew off the pulpit and landed under the front seat. I gravely walked down and got them and continued my sermon. At the conclusion an elder arose and said, "Brethren and sisters, it is not right that this young man should come all the way from Des Moines and pay his own expenses, so I'm coming ~~about~~ around." When he poured the offering on the communion table and counted it, he again arose: "There is not enough here to pay the young man's expenses, so I'm coming again!" They invited me to return every two weeks, and I received about \$7 per trip above railroad fare. In returning I had to change trains again, with a long wait, reaching Des Moines on Monday morning just in time for my first class.

For the next three years I was student pastor of the Christian Church at Monteith, in Guthrie County, about fifty miles from Des Moines, going out every Sunday and preaching twice. This proved to be a wonderful <sup>stimulating</sup> experience. The people were warm and appreciative, and the supply of fried chicken seemed inexhaustible. Usually I went out on Saturday morning and had time to visit around, but when the pressure at college was heavy, on Sunday morning I would take an early train to Menle, since there was no Sunday train to Monteith, and someone would meet me. One Sunday the snow was so deep that the roads were blocked, and in helping the driver of the sleigh to dig out, I froze my feet. When we finally got to Monteith, Alice Reed told me to take off my shoes and bathe my feet in kerosene and then in hot water. I shivered into the pulpit just in time to begin my sermon!



My first summer vacation was spent in Houston, working for the Y. M. C. A. It was wonderful to be with mother again and to see Alma almost constantly. On December 3, 1912, mother was married to George Washington Murry, and moved to Oklahoma. He was much older than she. Formerly he had stayed with his sister in Lott, who was living next door to us. He had staked out a claim in Oklahoma and was living alone. The next summer I attended the student conference at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and then made a brief visit to see Alma in Houston, and went on to see mother. From the railway station at Gage, I rode with the mail carrier in his hack to mother's place, 43 miles from the railroad. At that time they were living in a dug-out, a sod house with only the roof above ground. The next year they built a comfortable home. During my third summer, I went again to the Geneva student conference, spent some time in canvassing for subscriptions to Public Opinion (without much success) and went to Houston late in the summer.

## V

Attendance at student conferences played a formative part in my experience at Drake. In February, 1912, I was sent as a delegate to the State Missionary Conference, at Cornell College. The impression made upon me was deep and enduring. A few weeks later Phil Swartz, a secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, visited our campus, and made a strong appeal to me to consider foreign work as my life vocation. Thoughtfully he followed up with a letter which is before me now in which he asked if I had been able to reach a decision "to go to this largest field of service for the Master." After the Cornell conference, I had written to Alma about the possibility of our going to the foreign field. A few weeks earlier I had written to Alma: "I was thinking the other day that I hadn't had a real rest of any length since

we moved to Houston, nearly seven years ago." In those days my energy seemed to be unbounded.

At the end of my sophomore and junior years, I attended the student conference at Lake Geneva, where I was greatly influenced by the addresses of John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer, Bishop McConnell, Bishop Henderson, John Timothy Stone and other leaders. On the first of these occasions, E. C. Carter, national secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in India, offered me the position of his private secretary in India. It did not seem wise for me to accept at that time, but after one of his moving addresses, Rex Cole and I did act upon the conviction which had been forming in both our minds and signed the declaration of purpose card of the Student Volunteer Movement, saying that it was our purpose to become foreign missionaries. ??

In my junior year I was president of the Student Volunteer Band, and put a lot of energy into it. Our early morning meetings of worship and fellowship were among the most enduring influences of my college days. We enrolled fifteen delegates to the International Convention of the S. V. M. in Kansas City at the end of 1913 and the opening days of 1914. Alma came up with a delegation from Texas Christian University, where she was then a student, and we had a truly marvelous experience together, as we listened to the moving addresses of John R. Mott, Sherwood Eddy, Robert E. Speer, William Jennings Bryan, and a host of other leaders, and made plans for our own future. Five of the Drake delegates eventually went to the foreign field.

## VI

Alma and I changed our minds several times about the date of our wedding, but we were married at a private wedding in the study of the Central Christian Church, in Houston, by Mr. Lockhart, on September 2, 1914, and went immediately to Des Moines.



*conventional  
too many people at it*

Our last year at Drake was a glorious experience. Both of us took full courses. The church at Monteith raised my salary to \$17.50 per week, out of which we had to pay railroad fare, and Alma often went with me for the Sundays there. In the spring I was offered the position of City Evangelist of the Christian churches of Des Moines, and also approached about ~~him~~ becoming student Y secretary at the University of Kansas. We were now fully determined to become missionaries in China, and decided to do further study before going. At that time I received a letter from Frank Garrett offering me a position as office secretary at the Nanking School of Theology, at a salary of \$600 per year, but we were not yet ready for China.

*with*  
Dean Brown of Yale Divinity School assured me that a scholarship and outside employment, I would be able to earn expenses. Mr. Scott had written to the New Haven Y and I had received word that I could work there part time. We were preparing to go to Yale, when, unexpectedly, I received a call to the Morgan Park Christian Church in Chicago. Mr. Lockhart was passing through the city, enroute from the funeral of his father in Indiana, and talked with Mr. Kindred about me. The result was this call, at a salary of \$20 per week. Thus for the second time our lives were turned into a new course by the influences of W. S. Lockhart, perhaps by the direct leading of God.

At graduation I was ordained to the ministry of the Disciples of Christ by Dr. Medbury. With an accumulated college debt of \$1200, we set our faces toward Chicago and the Far East.



## Chapter 7

### AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO AND PREACHING IN MORGAN PARK

Soon after graduation we went to Chicago, and moved into a small apartment in Morgan Park at \$20 per month, and I enrolled in the University for the summer session. The Morgan Park Christian Church was only a mission of the Englewood Christian Church, of which the Reverend C. S. Kindred was minister. It had only a few members and services were held in the auditorium of the Morgan Park Military Academy. The contract called for my services with the church on Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday evenings, with the remainder of my time available for work at the university.

We greatly enjoyed our work. I preached twice on Sunday and made a talk at prayer-meeting. Preparation of my sermons was taken seriously, and encouragement was received from the response of the congregation. It required nearly an hour on the streetcar to go from Morgan Park to the university, but I learned to become absorbed in a book. The courses at the university were inspiring and provocative of thought. I profited especially from those of Graham Taylor and Charles R. Henderson. Many outstanding ministers came to the university chapel. As a partial requirement for the ~~Master's~~ Master's degree, I wrote a history of the Y. M. C. A. in China, but was destined to leave the campus before the end of the year, after a stay of eight months.

On January 21, 1916, Dad Elliott, of the Student Y, suggested the possibility of my becoming secretary to Sherwood Eddy and traveling with him. Alma and I were challenged by the thought of having intimate contact with such an outstanding Christian leader, and going with him to the various mission fields. As preparation for our proposed work in China,

such an experience would be ideal. So on the same day I wrote to New York offering myself for this position if it were open. Three days later B. R. Barber replied that it was not practicable to consider my application because they wanted some one to begin immediately and could pay only the salary of an unmarried man.

Alma and I then made one of the crucial decisions of our lives. We were convinced that I ought to have this experience if possible. So we plunged. I wrote to Barber that if he had given the only two reasons why my name was not being considered, I would come at once and accept whatever salary was available. On February 24th I had ~~an~~ interviews in Chicago with Fletcher Brockman and Sherwood Eddy, and was assured that a position would be available. Mr. Eddy ~~knit~~ said that he was not free to commit himself until he received word from Paul Danner in India, to whom he had made a proposal.

Kirby Jr. was born on January 2, 1916, Sunday morning, in ample time for me to preach at the eleven o'clock service. Soon after this blessed event word came that mother was seriously sick, so Alma and the boy went immediately to be with her in Oklahoma.

~~Fletcher~~ Mr. Brockman wrote on March 7th, urging me to come at once to New York to serve for two months as secretary to Sherwood Eddy and then go to China as secretary to Charles W. Harvey, General Secretary of the Association there. Alma and I had agreed that I would go to New York when a definite invitation was received. Since there was still a possibility that Danner would decline, and because the offer to work with Mr. Harvey was so attractive, I did not hesitate to wire that I was coming. The members of the church were willing to release me for this wonderful opportunity. Mr. Kindred and President Burnham of the home missionary society said that they felt that my leaving would not jeopardize the



work of the church. So I abruptly terminated my work at the university, and on March 13, 1916, boarded a train for New York and the unknown.

## Chapter 8

### WITH SHERWOOD EDDY IN THE WAR ZONE

*Good, ended in  
enlarges*

Upon arrival in New York I obtained a room at the ~~the~~ West Side Y and began work with Sherwood Eddy. The office of the International Committee was then at 124 East 28th Street, and soon I was introduced to John R. Mott, Richard C. Morse and a score of other men whose names I had known. The stenographic work with Mr. Eddy was congenial, and took me frequently to his home in Forest Hills. From the first moment, I was warmly drawn to Mrs. Eddy, and quickly formed the judgment which I still hold that she was a saintly person. In time I came to know their daughter Margaret, their son Arden, and Mother Eddy, who was individual of amazing zest and vitality.

*ought to have been fully*

In one of our early conversations, Mr. Eddy said that he expected me to be ready to shine his shoes if necessary, quickly adding that he would be glad to shine mine. After finishing dictation one morning, he paused for a moment and asked me, "Did you ever notice how men around here get their hair cut?" And when I replied no, he said, "Why don't you take a good look?" The hint was sufficient and I abandoned my Western style of long, curly hair. From the beginning, Sherwood Eddy was frank with me and expected me to be so with him. In order to be able to help him when he was exhausted, I went to the Hotel Biltmore for a body massage and a little instruction as to how to do it.

I went with him to the International Convention of the Y at Cleveland and heard many outstanding speakers. At the Employed Officers' Conference at Caldwell, I was asked to take down some of the important addresses, and to do some stenographic work for Dr. Mott. He began



by saying: "This is an important letter and I hope that you will be careful with it - Dear Mr. President," and went on with a long letter to Woodrow Wilson. I received great benefit from accompanying Mr. Eddy to the Northfield student conference. On Sundays I heard the great preachers of New York City - Jowett, Cadman, Jefferson, Parkhurst, Woolfkin, Fosdick, Coffin, <sup>W. S. P. (??)</sup> Wise.

Weeks passed by and still our future was uncertain. Then word came that Danner would meet Mr. Eddy in Europe, and my heart sank. But this did not settle the matter, because E. C. Carter, was in New York at the time, brought pressure upon Danner to remain in India. At the end of April came the fateful telegram saying that Danner was remaining in India. Thus narrowly did we miss going to China in 1916. My salary was set at \$1,500 per year, instead of much less as we had expected.

On May 4th Mr. Eddy said to me abruptly, "If you had your choice of staying with me for two years or becoming Dr. Mott's secretary, which would you choose?" It seems that Dr. Mott had made a request for either Danner or myself as his secretary. I told Sherwood Eddy that my first thought was that I would prefer to work with him, and that proved to be my second thought as well.

Four months after I arrived in New York, we sailed on July 29th for England. Harold Gray was my cabin mate. He had finished two years at Harvard, and was to become one of the warmest friends I have ever had. Later he went to prison as a conscientious objector, and to inland China as a missionary, before founding a cooperative farm near Saline, Michigan.

One of our first experiences upon landing was a visit to the student conference at Swanick, which is something like our Lake Geneva, Silver Bay and Asilomar conferences. I slept on a long sack filled with straw in a tent with nineteen Irishmen from Dublin and Belfast. Again I was

impressed with the spiritual power generated in these student conferences.

Then I accompanied Mr. Eddy as he began a tour of the war camps in Wales, Scotland and across England. Both of us wore British Y uniforms. Our old rambling automobile was driven by Miss Sidney, and at night we proceeded without the benefit of headlights, because of wartime restrictions against outdoor lighting. We saw the beautiful landscapes of Wales, Scotland, and the lake country as we could not have done from the train.

My amazement at Sherwood Eddy's power over audiences grew as I listened to him night after night. Under the rough and tumble conditions of a war hut, with men constantly coming and going, above the clamor, his clear and wistful voice pierced many a heart. He encouraged me to engage in personal conversations with soldiers, and soon I was sent to address meetings of soldiers in war huts. On two occasions I substituted for Mr. Eddy when he was unable to fulfill his engagements. Until the end of October he spoke almost daily, and had a steady stream of men coming to him for interviews.

For a short time I was stationed in a Y hut near Canterbury. One night we were routed out of bed for the siren, and when we rushed out and looked upward, we saw in the light of our feeble searchlights a German Zeppelin soaring above us. It dropped bombs on the nearby city of Canterbury, killed several persons, and as our guns continued firing, disappeared over the North Sea. Later we saw a Zeppelin brought down in flaming ruins over London.

In the course of our moving about the British Isles, I managed to visit many of the famous sights - Westminster Abbey, the cathedrals of St. Paul, Canterbury, York, Salisbury, Durham and others, the Tower of London, the British Museum and library, Oxford, Cambridge, Loch



Leamond, the Trossachs, Fountains Abbey, Stone Henge, and the famous places of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

A memorable experience came when Sherwood Eddy dictated a book to me in a single day! For ~~months~~ <sup>weeks</sup> he had been speaking on the significance of suffering, and gathering material for a book which he called Suffering and the War. One Sunday morning he began dictating at an early hour, and by night had completed the rough draft of the book, which was published by Longmans, Green and Company and had a wide circulation.

This constant contact with soldiers and endless conversations with them raised in my mind ~~these~~ serious questions about the righteousness of war. Not that I had any doubt as to which side I wanted to win. My sympathies were altogether with the Allies, and at that time I accepted the idea of ~~sole~~ German guilt for the war. But more and more the conviction deepened with me that the method of war and the way of Christ are irreconcilable. I began to write down these convictions until I had a manuscript of forty pages. Sherwood Eddy did not agree with my point of view, but he was kind enough to send my manuscript to Principal D. S. Cairns, one of the great theologians of Scotland. Before me now is his comment, a fourteen-page closely handwritten letter. Sherwood also opened the way for me to talk about the question with Professor ~~Frederick~~ Farquarsen and Dr. J. H. Oldham. On October 20, 1916, I wrote home: "I have just completed a forty page typewritten manuscript on Jesus and the Taking of Human Life. I take the position that all war is contrary to the spirit of Jesus... I believe that the method of war is wrong." I was greatly strengthened in my position when Miss Maude Royden, the famous English preacher, wrote a letter of encouragement. I was also strengthened in my position by Dr. Henry Hedgkin, Quaker leader and chairman of the newly formed Fellowship of Reconciliation.



On November 4th we reached New York, having been gone since <sup>after an absence of</sup> ~~Oct~~ <sup>Daily</sup> 20th. I rushed at once to Houston to see the folks, and soon Alma, the boy and I were on the way for a good visit with mother in Oklahoma. Nearly eight months had passed since I had seen them. We had a wonderful week with mother, Mr. Murry, and Perry, who <sup>upon</sup> open returning from the Navy had joined them in 1915, and was helping with the farm work. Early in 1918 he was drafted, and after training at Camp Travis, was sent to France, where he was badly gassed the day before the Armistice. Alma, Kirby Jr. and I went on to New York, where we had five glorious moths together, before I sailed again for the war zone with Mr. Eddy.

During this period Sherwood Eddy was speaking constantly in all parts of the country, and I remained in New York most of the time, being kept busy in the office. My Sundays were given to a mission church in Ridgewood Heights, Brooklyn. It began this way. The president of the Disciples city missionary society told me that they were about to close this mission, which proved to be unsuccessful, but in the meantime they would be glad if I would supply the pulpit. When I began preaching in January, 1917, there were only seven members of the mission church. By the end of April this number had increased to fifty, twenty-seven of whom I had immersed. The prospects were so encouraging that a minister was called, the Reverend Marvin Sansbury, who had roomed next door in my freshman year at Drake and at whose church in Redfield I had preached my first sermon.

During these months I continued to work on my manuscript on war, and finally submitted a much longer version to the Methodist Book Concern. They offered me hope, but on the eve of America's entrance into the war, on April 8, Dr. Downey wrote, "It might have been that

in ordinary times we would have been glad to give your views to our reading public." The manuscript was destined to receive many revisions and re-writings before it was subsequently published as The Sword or the Cross.

The day before we sailed Mr. Breckman invited me to his home and urged me to consider working with Dr. Mott as his ~~successor~~ stenographer. From the steamer, I wrote to Alma in a letter which was taken off at Sandy Hook by the pilot, "I talked with Dr. Mott this morning and he urged me to come with him for a year or two." On the voyage over I talked with Mr. Eddy about the matter, and after praying earnestly decided to remain with him for the contemplated trip to the Far East. And my conviction is strong that this was the leading of God.

My cabin mate on the voyage was Maxwell Chaplin, whom I had met the summer before in the war zone and who was now the leader of a Princeton delegation going over to serve in the various Y huts. Mr. Eddy was also taking over a group of evangelists for work in the war camps - Burris A. Jenkins, Merton Rice, E. O. Sellers, Henry Hitt Crane, Walter Jack Sherman, and Heber S. Harper. The large party of us had frequent group meetings for discussion, worship, and training in personal work. More than ever I began to experience the power of corporate prayer.

As we came into the area most vulnerable to German submarines, we slept with our clothes on for two nights. A gentleman in Philadelphia had been generous enough to present Mr. and Mrs. Eddy and myself with special life-saving suits, sufficiently buoyant to keep one afloat for days. Then in broad daylight the siren shrieked its warning that a submarine had been sighted. I rushed out on deck and there it was in plain sight. In my excitement I did not notice the ship's gun, and when it fired I jumped plenty high, as the torpedo came toward us and missed us by mere yards. Afterward I thought of my life-saving suit in the cabin.



We landed at Bordeaux, traveled through beautiful France to Paris, and across the channel to London. Our group was given a reception by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and we were permitted to visit the famous Guildhall, where nearly <sup>every</sup> ~~every~~ crowned head of Europe had been entertained. The next day we were given an address of welcome by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, son of Queen Victoria and uncle of His Majesty King George. In these days Americans were welcomed in England.

After a few days, Mr. and Mrs. Eddy returned to France to conduct evangelistic meetings with the troops there, leaving me in London. Most of my time was free ~~xxxx~~ for evangelistic speaking in the huts. Until I returned to France, I spoke almost every night to soldiers from the British Isles, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. During part of this period Jack Parker, one of our group, worked with me as soloist and leader of songs.

On July 4th I witnessed the biggest air raid of the war on London. About 10:30 in the morning I was standing at a window in my room in the Thackeray Hotel, across from the British Museum, when I heard the sound of anti-aircraft guns. I rushed to the street, in order that I might see what was happening. And there above us a mighty battle was raging in the air. When I "came to" I was standing in the middle of the street, gazing into the sky in open-mouthed astonishment, almost oblivious to what was going on about me. On the table before me now is a piece of shell that fell on the roof of the Thackeray and rolled into the alley.

At Brighton I had a long and memorable visit with Gipsy Smith, the famous evangelist. The response that I was receiving to my own message turned my thoughts to a permanent career as an evangelist, and I wrote to Alma that "nothing short of direct evangelism will ever satisfy me now."

Early in August I went to France and in a short time was put in charge of an American Y hut behind the Verdun front. We were at one of the camps nearest the fighting front, within sound of the guns, and indeed within range of the heavy artillery. Air raids were frequent. I remained there until time to leave for China.

We had expected to go via Russia and Siberia, but at that moment the Germans captured Riga, closing that route to us. On the voyage across the Atlantic, Sherwood and Mrs. Eddy and I were accompanied by Smauel W. Sheemaker, later to serve in China and to become a famous rector in New York and Pittsburgh, and Evan Thomas, brother of Norman. I was kept busy with Mr. Eddy's new book, the early draft of which contained a chapter on the ethics of war. Sam, Evan and I all held strong pacifist convictions, and fervently we endeavored to convince Sherwood of the soundness of this position. Upon landing he was plunged into the war hysteria and had responsibility for raising money for the war work overseas. In a letter to me on September 26, 1917, he said that he had decided to ~~omit~~ omit the chapter on the ethics of war, because he was not clear which position he should take.

We landed in New York on Sunday morning. I went at once to the office and hurried to the files to see if any word had been cabled to me about the coming of our second child. There it was, announcing the arrival of Mary on September 23d, two weeks before, on our third wedding anniversary. The cablegram had failed to reach me in Paris. Within four hours I was on a train for Houston, and soon was holding Mary in my arms for the first time, and seeing Alma and Kirby Jr. after a separation of more than four months. My mother, Perry and Leak, and all of Alma's folks were there and we had a wonderful reunion. I had expected to be there only two days enroute to Vancouver, but the China campaign was postponed in order that Mr. Eddy might help to raise the budget of thirty-five millions for Y war work.



Since I would be leaving for China early in the year, it seemed best for Alma and the children to continue dividing time between Houston and Oklahoma, and after two weeks I returned to New York.

Dr. Idlesman proposed that upon my return from China I should take up the work of city missionary for the Disciples in New York, and Dr. Willett suggested that I become city missionary of the Disciples in Chicago, but I was not ready to make a decision.

Early in January, 1918, I started for Vancouver, by way of Houston, where I had a grand visit with my family. On January 18th, I wrote to Alma, just before sailing for China, that I had talked with Mr. Eddy about our plans following the trip, and he had suggested that we come to Columbia and Union and be near to help him with reading.

## Chapter 9.

### IN JAPAN, CHINA, MANCHURIA AND KOREA

*A good chapter*

We arrived in Yokahama at the end of January, 1918. Leaving our steamer, I traveled nine hundred miles across Japan to Nagasaki, and returned to the ship there. I saw the principal sights in Tokyo, and in Osaka my old Drake friend Rex Cole showed me around and went with me to Kyoto, where we visited the wonderful old temples. In Kobe I missed the fast train and had to travel on a slow one to Nagasaki, arriving just ~~just~~ as our ship was leaving, and having to be rowed out to it. Enroute I passed through Hiroshima, of course, without a flicker of realization that twenty-seven years later it would be the first city to be demolished by an atomic bomb.

Mr. Eddy's campaign was not a sole affair. A large team traveled with him, about twenty members in all, including Ding Li Mei, the foremost Christian evangelist in China, and outstanding Christian educators. Mr. Eddy had persuaded Frank N. B. Buchman, Sherry Day and Howard Walter to go out in advance to train personal ~~work~~ workers, and they accompanied us part of the time. The meetings in Canton were attended by the leading men of the province - Sun Yat-sen, the first president of China; Admiral Ching, minister of the navy; Wu Ting Fang, formerly Chinese minister in Washington and later Prime Minister of China; editors, college presidents, bankers, merchants, and students.

On the third night of the campaign, Admiral Ching was assassinated within three minutes walk of where we were at the time. On the previous two nights he sat in a front seat at Mr. Eddy's meetings. Sun Yat-sen was called out of the meeting and hurried to the dead body of his friend. On the preceding Saturday, George Lerrige and I had called upon the



Admiral at his headquarters on a little island in the Canton River. With him was Wu Ting Fang, and we talked in English for half an hour, and I took their pictures. Sherwood Eddy had an appointment to talk with Admiral Ching about becoming a Christian, but he was shot on the night before the interview was to have been held.

I went with Mr. Eddy for an interview with Sun Yat-sen. I find from a letter sent home that we talked about pacifism and militarism, and I quoted Sun Yat-sen as saying, "The greatest menace in the world would be to militarize China."

The campaign took us to inland China, as far as Changsha and Hankow, to Peking and Tientsin in the north, and into Manchuria. To watch Sherwood in action with an interpreter was an experience. They moved as one person, rapid fire short sentences, identical gestures, and equal fervor in delivery. His power over audiences was impressive indeed. Everywhere the leading citizens came to the meetings, and large crowds of students. Many meetings were held on the same day by various members of the team. My work was primarily that of business manager of the party, and keeping up with Sherwood's correspondence. But my report letters show that I did much speaking also, to English speaking groups and through a Chinese interpreter. I wrote to Alma, "It is an amazing fact that at times I actually forget all about the interpreter, automatically stopping for him to interpret without being conscious of the break."

We went up the Yangtze as far as from New Orleans to Chicago, and found Changsha under martial law. We saw streams of refugees fleeing into Changsha from a nearby city which had just been looted and burned. Indeed, we found all China in confusion and disorder. Our journey was marked by a series of dramatic events: in Canton was the assassination of Admiral Ching; in Hongkong the grandstand at the race track collapsed and caught fire, burying to death several hundred prominent citizens;

in Swatow we felt one of a series of earthquakes that killed several thousand people; in Peking and Tientsin hundreds of thousands were homeless as the result of floods; in Nanking there was the deadly plague which caused the entire city to be shut off from communication for a period just prior to our arrival; in Shanghai the foreign reserves were called out to quell riotous strikers; at Hankow a river steamer sank just before we arrived, with three hundred rowed. Everywhere lawless bandits on land and pirates on the sea were preying upon the helpless and undefended. As one prominent official said, "There is not a single spot in China today where property and life are not in danger."

In Nanking I had a wonderful time with Dr. W. E. Macklin, veteran Disciples missionary. He talked of early experiences and showed me the interesting places as few others could have done - the long rows of crumbling examination cells of the old classical educational system, the temples, the ancient walls of the city. In Peking I renewed an old friendship with Sam Shoemaker, and slept out in the open in a Buddhist monastery nearby. In Foochow I stood beside the graves of the missionary martyrs, and noticed especially those of the four members of the Stewart family and that of Miss Saunders. Three of the Stewart children narrowly escaped, after having been wounded. Later they went to England and completed their education, and returned to China. We saw them in Hongkong, giving themselves in joyous service for the people who had killed father and mother, brother and sister. The mother of Miss Saunders immediately went to China, aged though she was, to give her life in service there. While crossing the Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages in Foochow, suddenly I came face to face with a man whose nose ~~was~~ was entirely eaten away, leaving a hole in the middle of his face. Whether he was a victim of leprosy or syphilis, I did not pause to inquire. Several times we did see wandering bands of lepers.



After traveling six thousand miles inside China, we went to Mukden and to Korea, where Mr. Eddy held successful meetings, in spite of the restrictions imposed by the Japanese rulers. We had expected to return by way of the Siberian Railway through Russia, but the disturbed conditions made this impossible. So we came back by the Pacific, and I reached Houston on June 17th, having been away from Alma and the children for five months. For some time she had been doing regular stenographic work, in order to take care of their living expenses and to help us climb out of debt.

While in Houston I received a wire from Mr. Eddy that he was sailing for the war zone, but that he had found that it would be impossible for me to go with him because of a recently adopted rule that no pacifists would be used by the Y. M. C. A. in the war zone. Sherwood had talked with Dr. Mott about the matter, and the latter was insistent that my pacifism disqualified me for further service in the war zone.

This brought to an end some months sooner than I had anticipated my period of service as secretary to Sherwood Eddy. Alma and I had plunged heavily in order that I might have this experience, and now that it was over we thanked God for all that this intimate contact with him had meant to us and would mean to our future. Twice I had been urged to transfer to work with Dr. Mott, which would have been a wonderful privilege, but we were glad indeed that I had stayed with Sherwood. He was at the same time a father and a brother to me. No one could have been more thoughtful and solicitous, generous and warm-hearted. He was frank with me and expected me to speak my mind freely to him, always treating me as if I were his own age. He was kind enough to praise my stenographic work, but I realized that on many occasions I neglected it or hurried through it in order to get at things which were more interesting to me.

Before Alma left for Oklahoma in March, 1916, we had high hopes and ardent expectations. Now we felt that they had been far surpassed. It would be difficult even to imagine privileges beyond what had been actual experiences. And little did we know, at that time, how ~~xx~~ warm was to be our friendship with Sherwood in subsequent years. And let me hasten to add, Alma's spirit throughout was simply marvelous. For twenty-eight months I had been away from home most of the time, at a period when a father is urgently needed. Never a word of complaint came from her, not even when she was lonely and in need of money. Surely we had abundant reason to believe that we had received guidance from God.



## Chapter 10

### AT COLUMBIA AND UNION AND PREACHING IN BROOKLYN

We were clear in our judgment that I ought to do more graduate study, whether we <sup>should decide</sup> decided to go to China or to take up evangelistic work in the United States. We had made up our minds to return to the University of Chicago, and while there I looked at the apartment which Dean Mathews was reserving for us after September first. I had been assured by Dr. Willett and Mr. Kindred that there would be no trouble in obtaining student preaching.

Upon reaching New York I found that, by a remarkable coincidence, only the week before Marvin Sansbury had left the Ridgewood church in order to take up work as a chaplain with the armed forces. The officers of the Ridgewood church urged me to become their pastor and do my studying in New York. After serious thought and prayer, and an exchange of letters with Alma, we decided to accept and study at Columbia and Union, rather than at the University of Chicago. Once more our lives were swerved into different channels by a circumstance, the leaving of Marvin Sansbury at precisely that moment. Surely life is full of mystery.

During the period before the fall term began, I worked with Dr. Mott as his stenographer. This was a marvelous experience. He was the greatest missionary statesman of the generation, an evangelist of surpassing power, and universally recognized as one of our foremost Christian leaders. He worked long hours and expected me to do the same, dictating early in the morning and late at night, depending upon his schedule of engagements. Fortunately, my long experience as a stenographer enabled me to render satisfactory service. <sup>with his condition</sup> The intimate friendship with him proved to be one of the decisive influences playing upon my life.

I enrolled for classes both at Columbia and Union Theological Seminary, but my work was interrupted by an attack of influenza. I was one of the millions of victims all over the world in the worst epidemic known in history, with multitudes of lives being taken in many lands on the various continents. I was seriously ill and the doctor did not know whether I would pull through. On Armistic Day, 1918, I had just enough consciousness to be aware of the celebration and to realize that "the war to end war" had ended. Not until the first of the year was I able to resume my pastoral work, after an enforced absence of three months.

This long interruption caused me to abandon the idea of working for a Ph. D. An extra year would now be required, and I had already passed my 28th birthday. However I did continue taking courses at Columbia and Union, although I did not receive a degree.

From the first Sunday of my return to the Ridgewood pulpit, we had accessions to the church. I enjoyed preaching, had deep convictions, and was able to pour my soul into it. The congregation was made up chiefly of second-generation Germans, with little formal schooling. I can think of only two or three college graduates in the church. Thus I was led to use simple language in expressing simple ideas. Although I began in wartime, my Christian pacifism did not prove to be a barrier, even though I preached my convictions. I made calls in many homes, and was persistent in my efforts to persuade individuals to make the Christian decision and united with the church. With some success I trained our church officers and more mature members in personal work with individuals. The two sermons on Sunday, a Sunday School class, and the mid-week prayer meeting provided me with ample opportunity to present the Christian message. In looking over old material I find that sermon topics included these: Attempting the Impossible, Prevailing Prayer, The Living Book, Where is God? Have You a Cross? Jesus and the Industrial



Problems, The Distribution of Wealth, The Cooperative Movement, Next Steps in Industrial Democracy. A series of four sermons proved to be the basis of my first published volume - Something More in God, Something More in Christ, Something More in Man, Something More in Life.

One of the moving experiences of my life was a visit to Leavenworth prison and seeing my dear friend Harold Gray in prison garb, serving a sentence of twenty-five years as a conscientious objector. In 1919 he was given a dishonorable discharge, upon which was written, "Character: Bad."

During these months our minds were filled with the thought of going to the foreign field. I was informed that a position would soon be open in Montevideo, Uruguay, as professor social science in a new theological seminary, and on March 21, 1919, offered myself for this position. The <sup>from</sup> reply came ~~that~~ the missionary society that since the place would not be open for two years, they did not think it wise to commit themselves that far ahead. By the time they wrote to me again in October, 1920, we had already decided to join Sherwood Eddy in his work. Was this also the leading of God?

The steady growth in membership encouraged us to explore the possibility of a new building. I made a trip to Kansas City to present the question to our Board of Church Extension. They acted favorably and in due time committed themselves to the erection of a building costing \$95,000, of which \$20,000 was a gift, \$20,000 a loan, the remaining amount to be paid at the completion of the campaign of the Inter-Church World Movement, an interdenominational agency. With \$40,000 in hand, at the end of December, 1919, the construction of the basement and educational

portion of the building was begun. For nine months we then held services in a rented store building. The campaign of the Inter-Church World Movement proved to be a disastrous failure, and the expected \$55,000 from this source was not forthcoming, with the result that the sanctuary of our church was not completed until six years after I had concluded my ministry there.

My leaving the church came about in this way. On February 5, 1920, Sherwood asked if I could do some reading for him, and as a result I began doing a substantial amount of reading for him, passing on clippings, marked articles, marked books. He then asked me to resign from the church and work with him as a free lance. I replied that this was not practicable, in view of my relationship to the church and its building program, but that if I had more assistance at the church, much time could be devoted to his program, while continuing my preaching. He then made a gift of \$200 per month which enabled us to employ an associate minister for nine months. We were fortunate in obtaining Walter McPherson, who was studying at Union. He and his wife Imogene were both splendidly equipped and we rejoiced over their coming. Our understanding was that he would become minister on July 1, 1921, and that I would begin an independent career as writer and evangelist, working with Sherwood Eddy.

After three wonderful years with the Ridgewood church, I resigned and began this new life. These were happy and creative years for us. I preached with great exhilaration and enjoyed personal conversations about the Christian life. The response was encouraging, 302 new members having been received into the church, of whom I immersed 157. We saw a portion of the new building dedicated, a capable minister and his wife installed, an active membership of 258 on July 1, 1921. I was severely criticized for leaving at that stage, but we did what seemed to us to be right.



## Chapter 11

## WITH THE AMERICAN SEMINAR IN EUROPE

Immediately after leaving the Ridgewood Church and beginning my independent work, I sailed for England with a group assembled by Sherwood Eddy. This proved to be the first of the annual seminars which he led to Europe <sup>for two decades</sup> until the eve of World War II, and again in postwar years. It was my privilege not only to be a member of the ~~mission~~ party in 1921, but also in 1923, 1924, 1926, and 1929. I had previously been in England in 1916, and in England and France in 1917. These seven trips to Europe opened for me a whole new world of thought and experience, (to be supplemented by adventures in England during 1936.) *dy*

## II

Part of the significance of the trip was intellectual and spiritual companionship with the gifted and varied members of our party, and part of it was the quality of the individuals who addressed us in the various countries year after year. This was no sight-seeing tour, although we did our share of visiting famous places. We were prompted by the serious purpose of seeking to understand the world in which we lived, to be better informed about the situation in different countries visited. In my own case, I was preparing myself for an independent career of evangelism, personal and social. For several years I had been engaged in hard study, wide reading of newspapers, periodicals and books in the fields of religion, economics, politics and social relations. For weeks before sailing I had concentrated on books about England, and especially about the labor movement and the British Labor Party. We carried a trunkful of books on the ship and spent much time in reading and group discussion. At least forty hours were spent together as a group, grappling with the problems we were to investigate.

Many members of the 1921 group already had established reputations, and others were to become famous in subsequent years - Bishop Williams, Bromley Oxnam, Henry P. Van Dusen, Fletcher Brookman, William E. Sweet, Paul Blanchard, Cameron Parker Hall, Jerome Davis, Arthur E. Elliott, Sidney D. Gamble, Arthur N. Holt, Alva W. Taylor, Laurence J. Doggett, George Stewart, H. C. Gossard - thirty of us in all.

Our sessions in London were held in Toynbee Hall, <sup>the original</sup> a social settlement in East London. Its warden, James J. Mallon, had arranged our program of addresses by an unparalleled galaxy of speakers. Following each presentation, we <sup>had a person</sup> were permitted <sup>to</sup> ask questions and ~~to engage in~~ discussion. First to appear before us was Ramsay MacDonald, who because of his pacifism had lost his seat in the House of Commons, but who was destined to be three-time Prime Minister. For two memorable hours he talked and we discussed with him a wide range of problems in Britain.

For four eventful weeks outstanding speakers streamed before us, two and three per day - George Lansbury, Sidney Webb, Philip Snowden, Harold Laski, W. E. Orchard, Hugh Dalton, J. A. Hobson, Bishop Temple, Seebohm Rowntree, G. D. H. Cole, Lord Robert Cecil, Margaret Bondfield, A. E. Garvie, R. H. Tawney, and a score of others. No university seminar could have equalled our experience.

We were invited to tea on the terrace of the House of Commons by Arthur Henderson and J. R. Clynes. Lord and Lady Astor invited us to their home, where we met many notables, ~~consumed many delicacies~~, and had a hilarious time. Lady Astor was <sup>very and</sup> unconventional, to say the least. As we were leaving, she said to Bromley <sup>Oxnam</sup> and me, "You must wait for one more story." And as a climax to the tale, she threw herself bodily into my arms, and there I stood, holding tight to the noble lady!

On our first Saturday, we witnessed an amazing demonstration in Hyde



Park, the citadel of free speech. The churches of England had arranged a mass demonstration for the purpose of emphasizing "The Social Message of Christianity." A huge procession, <sup>preceded</sup> ~~led~~ by leaders of the Church of England, the Roman Catholic Church, and the non-conformist churches, assembled at Bedford Square and marched to Hyde Park. There seven simultaneous addresses were given in various sections of the park. The present social order was denounced in terms of severity, Principal Garvie declaring: "There is judgment awaiting it. It is damned, and I damn it in the name of Almighty God." William Temple, later Archbishop of Canterbury, shouted: "This system, organized upon non-Christian principles, has broken down repeatedly and involved the world in perpetual misery. It must go." Fath <sup>Mc</sup>McNab, a Dominican priest, said: "I advise you to go out and murder, not men, no, never murder men, but murder systems contrary to the will of Almighty God." Following each address, the chairman read a proclamation which had been agreed upon in advance, and which included these words: "It ~~is~~ further <sup>based</sup> records its conviction that the present system, being largely on unrestricted competition for private and sectional advantage, must be brought to an end, since it fosters the sins of avarice and injustice, lays a yoke of thralldom upon masses of men and women, and leads almost inevitably to war." That we Americans were startled to hear prominent churchmen using this language is putting it mildly.

After a <sup>this challenging</sup> truly wonderful experience in England, we went to Germany, stopping enroute in Holland to visit the Peace Palace at the Hague. Our most impressive speaker in Berlin was Walter Rathenau, Minister of Reparations in the German cabinet. We were addressed by Professor Eduard Meyer, the eminent historian, and a dozen leading churchmen and educators. We went to the home of Dr. George Michaelis, former Chancellor of the German empire, who spoke to us about conditions in Germany and gave us interesting

information concerning the Kaiser. In Berlin we saw something of the child-feeding program carried on by the Quakers.

Sherwood Eddy, Eduard C. Lindeman and I obtained permission to visit Upper Silesia, on the border between Poland and Prussia. The entire district was being guarded by French, British and Italian troops, pending the decision of the League of Nations whether it would be awarded to Germany or to Poland. The German Foreign Office placed two officials and two motor cars at our disposal. We motored for nearly three hundred miles through the district, and were brought face to face with the aftermath of war.

In Dresden I sat spellbound for an hour before Raphael's Sistine Madonna, and in Munich spent a day in the art gallery there. Then I went through Austria to Verona and Milan in Italy, where I saw the original Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting, The Last Supper. On the return journey I visited Lucern, Interlaken, Bern, Lausanne and Geneva. I spent two days in Paris, where in the Louvre I saw the famous Venus de Milo, the Code of Hammurabi and many other objects of interest. It was then my privilege to attend the annual Trade Union Congress in Cardiff, Wales, where I listened to the proceedings and met many famous labor leaders. An unforgettable experience was a luncheon with Robert Smillie, the Abraham Lincoln of the labor movement.

As I look back upon these eight weeks, I find it difficult to imagine an experience which would have packed more vital education into such a short time.

### III

The party of thirty in 1923 included Reinhold Niebuhr, William Scarlett, Eugene E. Barnett, James H. Maurer, William Orville Mendenhall, Hober H. Harper, Miles H. Krumbine, John Ray Ewers, B. F. Lamb, William K. Anderson, John G. Fleck.

Again Jimmie Mallon brought an impressive array of speakers, including Lord Haldane, Lord Milner, Ramsay MacDonald, Arthur Henderson, Bernard Shaw,



Gilbert Murray, J. L. Garvin, Maude Royden. Several of us had interviews with H. G. Wells, Lloyd George and F. W. Norwood. I was fortunate enough to get a seat in the gallery of the House of Commons for the great day of debate on the capitalistic system, participated in by Lloyd George, Ramsay MacDonald, Arthur Henderson and others. Lord and Lady Astor invited us to their country home for an afternoon of fun and relaxation. The high point of our enjoyment was witnessing Bernard Shaw stand in the center of a circle and respond to questions with brilliant repartee.

In Paris our group was given receptions by the Governor of the Bank of France and the daily Le Matin. At the latter reception John Ray Ewers, ~~one~~ minister of the East End Christian Church in Pittsburgh, always a venturesome soul, partook of a few drops too much champagne, and murmured in my ear: "If I take another glass, I will burst into a baccalaureate address!" Since most of us did not expect to be called for such a presentation, we left the stuff strictly alone. We were addressed on various days by a succession of notable members of government, editors, and religious leaders. Also we had a memorable trip across the battlefields <sup>of</sup> Arras, Lens and Vimy Ridge.

In Berlin we were addressed by cabinet members, the American Ambassador, prominent industrialists, trade union officials, and social workers. We were in the Reichstag for the last address that Chancellor Cuno ever made there, and witnessed the uproar created by the communist members. After our stay in Berlin, I went to Dresden, Prague and Geneva for brief visits.

Earlier Reinhold Niebuhr, William Scarlett and I had gone from London to the Ruhr, which was under French armed occupation. Everywhere we encountered barbed wire, fixed bayonets, angry scowls and bitter hatred. Inflation was far advanced and almost hourly the value of the mark diminished. For a modest tip in the restaurant, we left a pile of marks that tilted the plate. Acute suffering was accompanied by venomous hatred, and life was a literal night-

mare. I wrote home that events were driving Germany toward extremism, and that "there can be only one end to the mad policy of militarism now dominant in France and elsewhere." After our sobering experience in the Ruhr, Niebuhr, Scarlett and I flew from Cologne to London in three hours, crossing the Channel in thirteen minutes - which would now be counted a snail's pace!

## IV

<sup>Seminars</sup>  
The 1924 party was increased in size to nearly one hundred members, including Ernest F. Tittle, Reinhold Niebuhr, Judge Florence E. Allen, Irving H. Maurer, Charles Clayton Morrison, William Scarlett, Ben H. Cherrington, Norman E. Nash, Anne Guthrie, Nevin Sayre, and for the first time Alma was with me.

The program in London, Paris and Berlin was of the same high quality as in previous years. Several of us went to the International Conference of the Fellowship of Reconciliation at Bad Boll in Southern Germany, and were privileged to have fellowship with men and women from a score of countries. We were especially impressed by Sigmund Schultze and Dr. Ragas. A small company of us went to Vienna, Budapest, Bucharest, Constantinople, Athens and Belgrade. We visited the Acropolis and wandered around in the ruins of the Parthenon. By special permission of the Greek government, we were permitted to return to the Acropolis for sunset and moonlight. We stood on Mars Hill, where Paul preached <sup>his</sup> memorable sermon.

## IV

A high point of the 1926 tour was an interview with President von Hindenberg in Berlin. On his desk was the motto: "Work and Pray," and we were told by men who knew him well that he was a devout Christian, perhaps an Old Testament Christian, who had gone to war for the Kaiser as a service to God. Bromley Oxman, Tully Knoles and I went to Geneva



and Rome. It was interesting to go from the ~~about~~ haunts of John Calvin in Geneva to the Vatican in Rome.

A score of us visited Soviet Russia, <sup>in</sup> the first seminar group to have this experience. In 1926 few Americans were in Russia, so we received much publicity and aroused considerable curiosity. The government was eager to resume diplomatic relations with the United States, and sought to make a favorable impression upon us. Three members of our party spoke Russian, and we were permitted to move about freely, although most of our time was consumed with planned trips to places selected for us - factories, laboratories, stores, hospitals, rest homes, churches, libraries, kindergartens, schools, prisons, art galleries, museums. We were permitted to visit the Kremlin, where we attended an amateur play presented by soldiers of the Red Army, and heard them sing their revolutionary songs. We joined the throngs that passed silent <sup>by</sup> the embalmed body of Lenin in a simple tomb. Although he had been dead for two and a half years, we counted as many as two thousand persons waiting in line to see his lifeless face.

We spent a memorable evening talking with Chicherin, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Jerome Davis, of our party, was granted a long interview with Joseph Stalin, and gave us a full report of what was said. We listened to a vivid description of the early days of the revolution by Peters, formerly <sup>one of the</sup> heads of the dread Cheeka, the instrument of the Red Terror. A dozen men high in the various departments of the government addressed us and answered questions. We traveled far into the interior to Nishni-Novgorod and down the Volga River to Kazan, where we interviewed the President of the Tartar Republic. Everywhere we were entertained lavishly, including plentiful supplies of vodka for breakfast - which most of us left untouched. One of my interesting experiences was to sit across the table from Charles Clayton

Morrison, editor of the Christian Century, when he made the mistake of thinking that a glass of clear vodka was drinking water and took a big gulp before he discovered his error. Did he splutter and did his face get red!

While it now seems incredible, Sherwood Eddy arranged for a meeting with high officials of the government at the end of our trip for the purpose of presenting to them our criticism of what we had seen and heard. During a long session, six members of our party spoke in turn about their impressions, to which detailed replies were made by Bolshevik spokesmen. When Sherwood Eddy challenged the leader of the Godless society to a debate on religion, such a public discussion was arranged, with Sherwood Eddy and Julius Hecker presenting the case for religion and two communists taking the side of atheism. This was the first and so far as I have been able to learn the last time that a foreigner was given this freedom in the Soviet Union.

In Leningrad we interviewed high officials and went the round of interesting sights, including the revolutionary museum in which is portrayed the historic struggle for freedom from the Czars. Before me now is a picture of our party in the rotogravure section of the New York Times with the crown jewels of the Czars spread out before us on tables. As I look at the faces in the picture I am reminded of how many guards also were seeing the jewels and watching our every move. From Leningrad to London we went by boat, touching at Helsinki in Finland and Stockholm in Sweden.

## VI

Alma was with me again in 1929, and after the program in London, she accompanied the seminar to Paris, Geneva, Berlin and the Soviet Union. I joined her, Sherwood and Maud in Constantinople for the long journey across the Near East to India and China.

I remained in London to work on a new book, National Defense. For six weeks I appeared daily at the British Museum Library at the hour of opening

and remained until the bell told us we must leave. The books I needed to consult were available and the atmosphere of the library was favorable to serious study. Often I was thrilled by the realization that many of the most eminent men and women of the English-speaking world had sat in the chairs all around me, and many famous volumes had been written within these walls. Never have I concentrated so exclusively upon one task as during those weeks of opportunity. And while there I rejoiced upon receipt of a cablegram informing me that my book Jesus or Christianity had been accepted as first choice by the Religious Book of the Month Club.

An unforgettable experience enroute to Turkey was a visit to Serajevo in Bosnia, where the Serbian youth named Princip assassinated the Archduke Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne, and precipitated a chain of events which led to the First World War. It gave me a queer feeling to stand on the very spot where the fateful shot was fired. On Sunday I attended services at the Roman Catholic Church and also at the Greek Orthodox Church. In Belgrade, Budapest and Adrianople I had many interviews and <sup>was</sup> saw many historic and interesting places, before joining Alma in Constantinople.

## VII

These seven trips to Europe, and the additional experiences in England in 1936, opened for me a world outlook. In preparation for the successive seminars, I read widely about the countries to be visited, and every year I brought home a supply of books picked up as I went from place to place. I not only did more reading about the political, economic, social and religious conditions in the various lands, but my study was done with more zest and thoroughness. Through the years I was enabled to listen and to talk with many notable men and women in a dozen capitals, and to see many



of the famous and beautiful places of Europe. Intimate friendships were formed with many of the ablest American religious and educational leaders who were members of the various seminars. Heavy indeed is my indebtedness to Sherwood Eddy for making available these unsurpassed privileges.

## Chapter 12

## THE AMERICA IN WHICH I BEGAN WORK AS AN EVANGELIST

*Bill, 200 long*  
*a good chapter*

*Book in 2 parts*

I have just been reading again two pamphlets that I published in 1921, and it is difficult for me to put myself back into the atmosphere of those days when I began my independent career as an evangelist. <sup>of labor</sup> Wages were low, hours were long, unemployment was high, insecurity was acute, the workers were poorly organized and most of them were unorganized, extreme concentration of wealth prevailed, governmental interference in industrial strife was usually on the side of the employers, the unions were harassed by industrial spies, strikes were frequently broken by the importation of professional strike-breakers, social legislation for the protection of workers was a generation behind that of European countries, child labor prevailed widely, the exploitation of women in industry was extreme, fear of Bolshevism and a "red scare" had created hysteria and produced timidity of attitude toward efforts to reduce exploitation of the workers, few clergymen and educators were speaking out on social issues, and most of those who were articulate took the side of owners and employers.

Let me remind you of some details. In June, 1921, I completed a 32-page pamphlet, Industrial Facts, upon which I had been working during the period at Ridgewood when Sherwood Eddy was providing the services of an associate minister. The latest income tax figures showed that in the entire nation only three million individuals received an annual income as high as two thousand dollars, and only half that number were in the three-thousand-dollar class. The Federal Commission on Industrial Relations reported that at least one-third and possibly one-half of the families of wage earners engaged in manufacturing and mining "earn in the course of the year less than enough

to support them in anything like a comfortable and decent condition." The ~~then~~ average hourly earnings for manufacturing workers in 1921 in terms of purchasing power was only five cents higher than in 1890, the year of my birth. Women's wages averaged less than fourteen dollars per week when they were able to find work. Unemployment for the nation in 1921 was about four millions.

In the iron and steel industry about half of the employees worked "the twelve-hour" day, actually from eleven to fourteen hours, and fewer than one-quarter had hours less than sixty per week. Unskilled workers for the nation averaged fifty-four hours per week, as compared with sixty in 1890, and the figure for 1926 was the same as it had been in 1921.

About that time Professor W. I. King reported that "two per cent of the population owns sixty per cent of the wealth," and that at the other end of the scale "the poorest two-thirds of the people own but a petty five or six per cent of the wealth." A federal committee estimated that "one hundred and eight men have a controlling influence over capital far in excess of one-fourth of the wealth of America." Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, later of the Supreme Court, found that members of two banking concerns held 341 directorships in 112 corporations have aggregate resources or capitalization of twenty-two billion dollars.

Employers were often bound together for collective action through trade associations, and frequently used their united power to fight national unions of workers. Most of them maintained that workers had a right to band themselves together for collective bargaining, but only in local or company unions, and not on a national scale. In December, 1921, I completed a 32-page pamphlet, Collective Bargaining, dealing with this question. I cited evidence to show that the so-called open shop movement was in reality an anti-union effort, since the company unions generally favored by employers



were completely under control of management. Ex-President Taft pointed out that: "It is the custom of Bourbon employers engaged in fighting labor unionism to the death to call a closed non-union shop an open shop, and to call the movement to kill unionism an open-shop movement." Various devices were used to deny employment to union members - spies, blacklists, "yellow-dog" contracts in which employees pledged themselves not to join unions, and discharging employees for union membership.

During the First World War labor unions had a substantial growth, reaching a peak membership of about five millions in 1920, and dropping thereafter until 1930 when there were only 3,400,000 union members in all the nation, out of thirty million workers. It was seventeen years after I began my work of evangelism that the Congress of Industrial Organizations was organized under the leadership of Philip Murray. During these years the American Federation of Labor was composed of skilled and semi-skilled workers, while the mass of unskilled industrial workers, women in industry, and farm laborers were outside the fold of organized labor.

Not only was organized business powerful, while the bargaining power of employees was weak, the government of the nation, as well as state and local government, was on the side of owners and employers. Following the war, citizens were tired, disillusioned, and sick of idealistic efforts to reform the world. They wanted to be left alone as they responded to the drive of self-interest. "Keep the government out of business" was the sentiment of all except an ineffective minority. This slogan did not really represent the desires of business men who had long been accustomed to governmental interference on their side, with tariffs, subsidies, franchises, limited liability through incorporation, injunctions against labor union activity, the use of police and troops in breaking strikes. "Keep the government out of business" meant to them freedom from interference as they used their

financial and industrial power in pursuit of their own gains.

The experience of the American Federation of Labor with government had made its leaders fearful of governmental action. They worked for a legal limitation of hours of labor, for legislation protecting workers from industrial hazards, for a graduated income tax, for the extension of public education. But they were lukewarm or hostile to the minimum wage and to governmental insurance against the hazards of sickness, accidents, old age and unemployment. Samuel Gompers and his associates in the A. F. of L. put their faith in the economic power of organized workers, and were fearful of reliance upon governmental action.

This temper of the country was responsible for the election of Warren Gamaliel Harding in 1920 by the overwhelming vote of 16 million votes to nine millions for James M. Cox, and less than a million for Eugene V. Debs. Outside of the South, the Democrats did not carry a single state. The record of ~~my~~ ~~doings~~ in those days reminds me that I voted for P. P. Christiansen, the candidate of the Farmer Labor Party, who received only 26,541 votes. My vote for Woodrow Wilson in 1912 was my only selection of the winning candidate for President of the United States. In 1916 I had not been in New York long enough to be qualified to vote. In 1924 my ballot went to Robert M. La Follette, and six times to my intimate friend Norman Thomas, and then to Adlai Stevenson.

Harding did little campaigning, simply appealing to the country to return to normalcy, to a period of serenity in politics. His cabinet was composed of men who reflected the attitude of big business. His Secretary of the Treasury was one of the richest men in the nation, his Secretary of the Interior shamefully used political office for his own gain and was sentenced to prison. Harding's four appointments to the Supreme Court guaranteed that its influence would remain on the side of entrenched privilege and adverse to the policies of organized labor. Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover continued the conservative policies of Harding's administration. As late as the final days of Herbert

Hoover in the White House, he insisted that the federal government had no financial responsibility for the unemployed.

Thus it was that during the opening years of my evangelistic work the mood of the country was strongly conservative, with vast power in the hands of owners and employers, with skilled workers organized for their own interests, with unskilled workers practically unorganized, with government in its executive, legislative and judicial departments hostile to many forms of social legislation which we now take for granted. The dice of public policy were loaded in favor of the status quo and against substantial changes in the economic order.

The situation was even more extreme because ~~of~~ the hysterical fear of "reds" led to bitter persecution of all dissent from the established order. Victor Berger, elected by the voters of Wisconsin, was twice debarred from taking his seat in Congress as a Socialist, although his point of view was substantially the same as that upon which Norman Thomas campaigned for the presidency six times as nominee of the Socialist Party. The New York legislature expelled five duly elected Socialists on the direct charge that no Socialist could be considered loyal to the Constitution. The Judicial Committee of the Assembly described the expelled men as members of "a disloyal organization composed exclusively of perpetual traitors." The Judiciary Committee! In the eminently respectable New York Times appeared an approving editorial: "It was an American vote altogether, a patriotic vote. An immense majority of the American people will approve and sanction the Assembly's action." The Vice-President of the United States, <sup>who?</sup> in an effort to demonstrate the prevalence of dangerous radicalism, cited the fact that girl debaters at Radcliffe had upheld the affirmative in an intercollegiate debate: "Resolved, that the recognition of labor unions



by employers is essential to successful collective bargaining."

An eminent historian of that period declares that "it was an era of lawless and disorderly defense of law and order, of unconstitutional defense of the Constitution, of suspicion and civil conflict - in a very literal sense, a reign of terror... The public was jumpy and would condemn any cause on which the Bolshevik label could be pinned... Innumerable gentlemen now discovered that they could defeat whatever they wanted to defeat by tarring it conspicuously with the Bolshevik brush. Big-navy men, believers in compulsory service, drys, anti-cigarette campaigners, anti-evolution Fundamentalists, defenders of the moral order, book censors, Jew-haters, Negro-haters, landlords, manufacturers, utility executives, upholders of every sort of cause, good, bad and indifferent, all wrapped themselves in Old Glory and the mantle of the Founding Fathers, and allied their opponents with Lenin... A cloud of suspicion hung in the air, and intolerance became an American virtue... There was hardly a liberal civic organization in the land at which these protectors of the nation did not bid the citizenry to shudder... The fear of the radicals was accompanied and followed by fear of being thought a radical."

Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling did not publish her Red Network until 1934, but similar misrepresentations had long been circulated in mimeographed form by several national organizations and were constantly appearing in conservative publications. The Lusk Committee of the New York legislature was the forerunner of national and state committees which have used the power of government to label even mild forms of dissent as "Un-American." Indeed, the evidence is voluminous that successive reforms in American life - the eight-hour day, the abolition of child labor, the income tax, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Reserve Bank,

postal savings banks, parcels post, and all forms of social security - have been attributed to the propaganda and activities of "reds" and "radicals."

A revival of the Ku Klux Klan engendered fear and hostility toward Negroes, Jews, Catholics, and immigrants. In the early 20's I discovered that a substantial proportion of the officers in a church where I was holding an evangelistic meeting were members of the Klan. Segregation was widely accepted as a part of the divine order. Many newspapers and journals kept the country in constant fear of "the yellow peril," to the accompaniment of discriminatory legislation against Orientals. Lynching had long been resorted to in the endeavor to "keep the Negro in his place," although it was the insulting term "nigger" which was customarily used. I have just been reading again a book published in 1929 by Walter White, Rope and Faggoty, the appalling story of lynching in the United States. For half a century the number of individuals lynched averaged one hundred per year. During the first ten years of my life the number was 1,665, while the figure from 1920 to 1927 had dropped to 304. But whereas an average of "only" thirty-eight human beings were lynched in these latter years, the forms of violence became more extreme. In the ten years beginning in 1918, forty-two of the victims were burned alive, the bodies of sixteen others were burned after death; other victims were tied to automobiles and dragged to death through the streets, beaten to death, and drowned. Fifteen per cent of the victims "were done to death with abnormal savagery." In that period <sup>if 1905</sup> ~~was~~ written: "An uncomfortably large percentage of American citizens can read in their newspapers of the slow roasting alive of a human being... and turn, promptly ~~and~~ and with little thought, to the comic strip or sporting page."

~~Editor~~ <sup>It</sup> In the 1920's foreign policy was rooted in isolationism. The moral fervor of the First World War had ebbed away, and the minds of the

American people were dominated by extreme forms of nationalism. The United States refused membership in the League of Nations and in the World Court. A disastrous effort was made to collect the eleven-billion dollar debts owed by Allied governments. This endeavor made difficult the abandonment of the Allied attempt to collect fantastic sums in reparations from Germany, and was a primary factor in the economic ruin<sup>made</sup> of that country which possible the rise of Hitlerism. During that period the policy of armed intervention in other lands was continued, in an effort to protect American life and property. <sup>your economic imperialism</sup> Armed forces <sup>were</sup> used in Honduras, Panama, Guatemala, Soviet Russia, Costa Rica, Greece, Nicaragua, Cuba, Greenland, Dutch Guiana, and Iceland. Later a former Assistant Secretary of State compiled an annotated list of 144 instances of undeclared wars, armed hostilities or armed occupation by American troops in other lands in 140 years.

In 1921 most clergymen were conservative, theologically and socially. Not many ministers were speaking freely on economic questions or grappling with controversial social problems. Of the articulate preachers, most of them supported segregation and were conservative in their economic and political beliefs. Walter Rauschenbusch's water-shed volume, Christianity and the Social Crisis, had been published only fourteen years previously, four years before I entered Drake University. The preaching of the social gospel was limited to a small number of ministers. Not many church leaders were dabbling in economic and political questions, except in support of prohibition and in opposition to vice and gambling.

This summary does not purport to be a comprehensive examination of American life in 1921. I have tried merely to remind you of the social and religious climate in which I began my work as an evangelist, and to



expose you to that atmosphere. Seven years later I dealt with the brighter side in a volume which I edited, Recent Gains in American Civilization, in which a dozen eminent writers summarized advances in various areas of life. With the utmost emphasis let me bring into your consciousness the indubitable fact that when I returned from Europe in the fall of 1921 and began preaching across the country, many millions of our people were ill fed, ill clothed, ill housed, ill treated, lacked many of the essentials of a good life, and were victimized by manifold forms of exploitation and persecution. .

## Chapter 13

### PROCLAIMING THE SOCIAL GOSPEL

*Good chapter*

The designation "social gospel" may be misleading because it is sometimes interpreted as meaning contrast to the "personal gospel." In my own mind there has ~~never~~ never been this separation. There is only one Christian gospel, the good news about God and man, with its message of salvation for the individual and for society. "Social gospel" is used merely for the purpose of emphasis, contrast with the message which stresses only personal relations.

In my spoken and written message through the years, I have clung to both sides of the one gospel, and have alternated in emphasizing one and then the other. My various books have dealt almost equally with the personal aspects and the social side of Christianity. In looking over old announcements of meetings, I notice many topics on prayer and the nurture of the spiritual life. More frequently, however, the subjects had to do with the meaning of the Christian gospel in group and corporate life, in the realms of economics, race relations, politics and international affairs. One reason for this preponderant emphasis was my conviction about comparative need. A hundred ministers were preaching about salvation of individuals for every clergyman who was pleading for the application of the Christian way in the controversial zones of social relations. Then I had made special preparation for the discussion of social problems. In 1921 and the years following only a few clergymen in all the land had taken time for sustained study of industrial problems and international relations as I had been privileged to do.

So an obligation was imposed to preach the social gospel, and most committees requested such subjects. The result of all this was that I soon plunged into a round of meetings, forums, conferences and conventions which kept me from home half the time. A rare degree of freedom was afforded because Sherwood Eddy paid a salary of \$3,600 per year, soon increased to \$5,000, provided office space, and stenographic assistance, and made available many books and periodicals. From 1921 onward he supported my work and causes for which I was responsible to the extent of \$80,000.

I considered myself an evangelist, although not operating in the usual fashion of conducting meetings in the same place for several weeks. Most of my speaking was done in one-day stands, usually with three addresses; before ministerial associations, luncheon clubs, women's clubs, college assemblies, church suppers, forums and other evening meetings. Sometimes I would remain in the same city for several days, and occasionally I would conduct meetings for a week in the same church.

My style of speaking was such that I did not prepare several addresses and repeat them frequently. My manner of speech was more conversational and informal. I endeavored to keep myself saturated with the subject, and spoke as prompted by the occasion. Of course, the basic facts did not change day by day, but my arrangement was constantly varied. Even so, there was much repetition, and sometimes criticism came for not presenting fresh material. A friend once commented that my addresses sounded too much as if they had been taken from an encyclopedia, and the observation was often made that my material was too heavy and not sufficiently lightened with illustrations and humor. I never began presentations with funny stories, but tried to make my first sentence count. Constantly I strove for depth of content, clarity, logical arrangement, and vigor.



I was greatly benefitted in my public speaking by constant study and writing. There was a helpful interaction between the spoken and the written word. While in college I was engrossed in too many outside activities to be able to do thorough study, but ever since beginning with Sherwood in 1916 I have read widely and have written voluminously, some of my friends say ad nauseum<sup>a</sup>!

I always derived much joy from my speaking, and it was never difficult to convince myself that I had done well. Often the exclamation burst forth, "That was a good meeting tonight!" which really meant that I was pleased with myself. Enough compliments always come to a public speaker to keep his ego inflated, and it never was said of me that my self-esteem had flattened out like a punctured tire. My beginning had something to do with all this, because at the outset Sherwood told me plainly that I would never make an effective speaker and advised me to stick to writing as my vocation. Well remembered is an occasion near his home when we walked round and round while he pounded away at me in repeated warnings not to get any illusions that I was a public speaker. And the fact is that I have never had the ability to attract audiences of considerable size, nor to increase attendance at meetings from night to night, or from week to week when conducting a series of presentations. With amazement I have watched the way in which attendance grew days by day at meetings of Henry Crane, Sherwood and other friends. The huge audiences which I have addressed were conferences and conventions and "ready-made" meetings.

One of the themes used frequently was an interpretation of the historical background of the teaching of Jesus; the situation which he faced, the alternatives before him, and the events leading to his crucifixion. When I spoke on "The Meaning of the Cross," I was myself deeply

moved. Many public presentations were summaries of my understanding of what it means to live in zones of controversy as a good member of God's family. My standards of evaluation were the stature of Christ for the individual, and the kingdom of God on earth as the test of social practices. Often I began by saying that every time we pray the Lord's prayer we are asking for drastic changes in the present social order, for surely no one could mistake our existing society for the reign of God on earth.

My views on the economic order moved steadily toward the position of the British labor movement, with its mixed system, its program of nationalizing only the primary means of production and distribution, its political party, its trade unions, its adult education and democratic socialism. I was strongly drawn to this middle position between capitalism and communism, and was never tempted to approve of a competitive society or to flirt with Moscow. Religious convictions, including Christian pacifism, kept me from any inclination to join in united fronts with communists. After the short visit to the Soviet Union in 1926, I never went back, preferring to study more intensively the British labor movement. Indeed, a friend used to reproach me for having such a phobia against communism.

In emphasizing the contrasts between communists and socialist Christians, I often called attention to these points of difference:

	Leninist-Stalinism and Communist Party	Socialist Christians
Method of social change:	violent seizure of	peaceful change
Form of govern- ment	dictatorship of the proletariat as long as necessary	parliamentary democracy through representatives elected by popular vote
Method of treat- ment of opponents	liquidation; suppres- sion to the extent required	freedom of speech, press, assembly, and organization



Methods of acquiring public ownership of giant instruments of production and distribution:

confiscation without payment

purchase through right of eminent domain and payment of fair price

Attitude toward religion:

hostility and determined effort to uproot not only ecclesiastical institutions but also religious ideas

resolute determination to inaugurate Jesus' way of life in all relationships

Self-interest, however enlightened, never appealed to me as being a Christian incentive to economic behavior. Constantly I quoted the words of our Lord that self-centeredness is death, while God-centeredness and people-centeredness bring life. The Christian spirit is that of the family extended to all relationships. Many times I used the change in attitude toward public education as an illustration of the transition required in other areas of life. Formerly a child received as much education as his parents could afford, while the idea now accepted is that a child is entitled to as good education as the community can afford. So it should be with health, recreation, and social security. In economic life the Christian emphasis is upon "we" and "our" instead of "I" and "my." Cooperation is more appropriate in God's home than the competitive struggle for private gain. For this reason I became a supporter of the cooperative movement and an advocate of cooperative efforts on the part of citizens to improve the common welfare.

From the days of thorough exposure to Herbert Spencer under Professor Herriett, I was repelled by the idea that government is evil and we should have as little of it as possible. Government is one instrument among many in the hands of citizens for the advancement of the common good, and we should have as much of it as helps us to achieve the good life. Ex-



perience warns us to be on guard against totalitarianism. We must be cautious about giving government a monopoly, as we have been in the field of public education, and as we surely will be in the area of public health. Along with British socialists and Norman Thomas, I have never advocated common ownership through government of all property. Instead, a mixed system has seemed best, with the commanding heights of industries tending toward monopoly under control of the people through government, and with much cooperation among consumers and citizens. Indeed, a just criticism of our present social order is that there is not a sufficiently wide ownership of private property in users' and consumers' goods. We do not have enough private property for use, whereas we have too much concentration of private property of the instruments of economic power.

Long before 1921 I had become aware of the evils of racial discrimination and segregation. So in public address I contrasted the requirements of the Christian life with prevailing practices. My conviction about the equality of races in God's sight was deepened by experience, as I moved in and out of Negro colleges and churches and conferences. Friendship is the best antidote to prejudice. So with increasing fervor I preached the Christian gospel of brotherhood with its demand for equality of opportunity and equality of status.

The privileges I enjoyed enabled me to grasp the significance of a remark once made by a gentleman on a train. One Sunday morning I had preached at the Negro college at Prairie View, Texas, and had been a guest in the home of its Negro president. When I boarded the train for Houston, I discovered that I was in a Jim Crow car. The conductor motioned me to come on back, and I took a seat beside an elderly white

white man. He was curious to know why I got <sup>at</sup> on that station. This gave me a chance to tell him what a wonderful dinner I had enjoyed at the president's home, and to speak of the culture and charm of my host and hostess. After a moment of silence, he said to me, "You haven't lived all your life in Texas, have you?" This conversation emphasized the importance of a favorable environment to Christian practices.

Christian pacifism was an important element in my social gospel. Experience in the war zone, serious study and much reflection, convinced me of the irreconcilability of the Christian gospel and the method of war, and in 1916 I joined the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the year after it was founded. My religion drove me to pacifism. The way of Jesus seemed to afford no place within its domain for the practices of war. Increasingly the conviction possessed me that the way of war is contrary to the will of God and should never be sanctioned. Probably more addresses were devoted to this theme than to any other. Calling myself a pacifist Christian, I rarely referred to myself as an absolutist, preferring the designation Christian with pacifist convictions. My mind has long been made up that sanctioning war would for me be nothing less than rebellion against God's will.

For many years I stressed the practical value of pacifist Christianity in abolishing war. But with the passing of time the emphasis shifted to its rightness. Because of the conviction that war is contrary to the will of God, I must not sanction it or engage directly in its destructive activities, no matter what the consequences may be. It has become increasingly apparent that a citizen cannot completely disentangle himself from the war system. But he can withhold his consent to armed hostilities, he can refuse to place confidence in the method of war, and he can be a conscientious objector to war. This does not completely absolve him from guilt, and it is imperative that he live penitently and humbly.



Much effort went into the persuasion of ministers to make a break with the war system and the endeavor to get the churches to declare it to be a sin. One of the distressing experiences of my life was at a meeting of the Federal Council of Churches in Dayton, where at the conclusion of my address on the theme "If war is sin," a bishop and a friend indignantly walked out of the meeting. A touch of humor was afforded by inability to find their hats and obvious discomfiture as they stormed about the rear of the church.

One of my earliest efforts in the field of the social gospel was to help with the formation of the Fellowship for A Christian Social Order. Sherwood Eddy and I became convinced of the need for a fellowship which would include pacifists and liberal minded Christians who were not pacifists, and we met with an encouraging response. On May 31, 1921, just prior to sailing for Europe with the first seminar, we met with 25 men and women from seven religious denominations. This group decided to proceed and formed a continuation committee, which included Daniel A. Poling, William Adams Brown, Samuel M. Cavert, and Mrs. Robert E. Speer. On November 2nd and 3rd about 125 persons from ten states formally brought the F. C. S. O. into being. Sherwood Eddy was elected chairman and I became executive secretary, and devoted much time to the new movement, traveling in all parts of the nation and organizing local groups. Among the members of the National Committee during the first year were Dean Charles Reynolds Brown, Henry Hitt Crane, Charles W. Gilkey, Rufus Jones, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, A. J. Muste, G. Bremley Oxman, E. A. Steiner. In 1924 I became chairman of the executive committee, while Reinhold Niebuhr, Alva W. Taylor, and Ben M. Cherrington served as regional secretaries, without salary. For three successive summers extended conferences were held.



After six years of fruitful existence the F. C. S. O. was merged with the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Alma and I had been members since 1916. Through the years I have known its leaders intimately and have formed friendships with many of its members in all parts of the country. Especially warm and affectionate have been my relations with John Nevin Sayre, A. J. Muste, Harold E. Fey, Shorty Collins, Howard Kester, Claud Nelson, B. Tarrt Bell, Constance Rumbough, Orval Etter and Glenn Smiley.

An abortive effort in which I participated was the League for Independent Political Action. At the end of 1929 a distinguished company met at the International House in New York City to consider the possibility of working for a new political party. Among these participating were John Dewey, Paul H. Douglas, Sherwood Eddy, Norman Thomas, A. J. Muste, Oswald Garrison Villard. An impressive national committee was formed, with John Dewey as chairman, while I was made chairman of the executive committee. Some months later Howard V. Williams became executive secretary. Time was to prove that the new movement had too many generals and high commissioned officers and only a few rank and file soldiers. It never had a grass-roots following. In 1930 Alma and I joined the Socialist Party, in which we retained membership until 1951, when we became convinced of the futility of running Socialist candidates, and in 1952 gave our support to Adlai Stevenson.

From all this it is evident that much of my time during these years was devoted to social problems, in an effort to awaken and challenge Christians to take seriously the application of Christian principles to economics, politics, international affairs and race relations. I was blessed with abounding energy and moved at a rapid pace throughout the nation. This was done at the expense of my family, for I was away

from home half the time, and frequently came back too exhausted to be much of a father to our son and daughter. I never ceased to marvel at the wonderful spirit constantly manifested by Alma.

300 presumptions

Challenging

Chapter 14

TACKLING THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

Very good chapter

My attitude toward economic problems was reflected in an article published in The Atlantic Monthly in May, 1922. Early in January a copy of this manuscript was sent to Judge Gary, chairman of the ~~United~~ United States Steel Corporation, with the request that someone point out errors of fact and distortions in interpretation. Two days later came the reply that he would be glad to talk with me personally about the manuscript. He was unable to keep the appointment because of sickness, but an hour and a half was spent in conversation with W. W. Corlett, attorney for the Corporation, and C. L. Close, who was in charge of its welfare work. They objected to my point of view, but did not point out errors of fact.

Two weeks later I had a memorable interview with Judge Gary; J. A. Farrell, President of the Corporation; W. J. Filbert, Comptroller; C. L. Close; G. K. Leet, private secretary to Judge Gary. All of them were gracious and we talked freely about the various sections of my manuscript. Again there was dissent from my point of view, but no errors of fact were called to my attention. Because of the dominant position held by the United States Steel Corporation, it may be well to consider the article section by section.

The article, which was given lead position by the editor, began with a summary of the welfare work done by the Corporation and with other favorable aspects of its policies. Then came a presentation of data about hours of labor. Seventy per cent of all employees of the Corporation were working the 12-hour shift. Judge Gary said that they regretted the necessity of such long hours, but expressed the judgment that the cost of changing



to three shifts of eight hours would be financially prohibitive. Mr. Farrell said that many of the workers would object to shorter hours, because of higher earnings per day from the twelve-hour shift.

Rates of wages were then discussed. Forty per cent of all employees were unskilled and were receiving thirty cents per hour when employed. If an unskilled worker was on the job twelve hours, six days per week, fifty-two weeks in the year, his annual earnings were \$1123.30, which may have explained why some of them objected to shortening of hours. This figure was then compared with the requirements of various minimum health and decency budgets. The evidence indicated that 50,000 employees of the Corporation were earning \$340 less per year than the minimum needed for a decent and healthy standard of living. Judge Gary was emphatic in expressing his conviction that wages should be determined by the law of supply and demand, rather than based upon the needs of workers.

A detailed presentation of the financial position of the Corporation made it clear that higher wages could have been paid, without depriving stockholders of fair dividends. The statement was not disputed that ~~max~~ originally the stock was heavily "watered," that is, without tangible property value to support it. The entire issue of 508 millions of common stock was "pure water." In addition to ordinary maintenance, repairs and depreciation, a total of 900 million dollars had been "ploughed back" into additions and improvements. From its beginning the Corporation's net income had been  $13\frac{1}{2}$  per cent annually on its 868 millions of common and preferred stock, in spite of the fact that 508 millions of it was at the beginning nothing but "water." Judge Gary said that the annual rate of return should be 15 per cent.

The reasons for low wages and high dividends were then considered, and the answer was obvious: the workers were unorganized, and immense power was

concentrated in the hands of the directors. Since its formation in 1901, the Corporation had been strongly anti-union. The year before my article appeared, Judge Gary had expressed his attitude toward labor unions in these words: "Whatever may have been the ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ conditions of employment in the long past, and whatever may have been the results of unionism, concerning which there is much uncertainty, there is at present, in the opinion of the large majority of both employers and employees, no necessity for labor unions; and ~~that~~ no benefit or advantage through them will accrue to anyone except the union-labor leaders." ( *Italics mine* )

It was Judge Gary's conviction that the individual worker should bargain with the Corporation, without the support of a national union. It seemed important to emphasize the contrast in bargaining power by calling attention to the financial power of the Corporation. Its assets were listed as about two and a half billion dollars, and it did an annual gross business of nearly two billion dollars. Its directors were also directors in many other corporations with combined assets of more than fourteen billion dollars. Actual power to make crucial decisions was wielded by Judge Gary himself, as may be seen from the statement which he made at the annual meeting of stockholders in 1920: "Since the United States Steel Corporation commenced business on April 1, 1901, there have been held, including the present one, nineteen regular and also ten special stockholders' meetings. I have had the honor of presiding at every one, and of voting the major part of all the outstanding capital stock."

This enormous power was used to combat unionism throughout the steel industry and in other areas of production and distribution. The Commission on Industry of the Interchurch World Movement had recently pointed out that among the Corporation's anti-union practices were discharging workmen



for belonging to a union, black lists against union members, espionage and the hiring of labor detectives, the importation of strike breakers, the denial of freedom of speech to union organizers, the use of state police in strike breaking, and the expenditure of large sums of money in a public campaign against unionism.

My article concluded with these five questions: Should labor be regarded as a commodity to be purchased at the lowest possible rate, or should the cost of maintaining a decent and comfortable standard of life be used as the basis of determining the lower rates of pay? Second, what are the costs to society of driving mothers and children under sixteen into industry because of the inadequacy of the father's wage? Third, is invested capital ethically entitled to an annual return of 13 per cent, or even 10 per cent, if this involves the payment of inadequate wages to unskilled workers? Fourth, what should be our attitude toward over-capitalization, the "watering" of stock, and the concealing of profits? Fifth, what should be our attitude toward employers who held in their hands an enormous concentration of economic power, and who refuse to bargain collectively with their workers through representatives of the workers' own choice?

This article was widely quoted and discussed throughout the United States, and prompted editorial comment in many newspapers. It happened to appear at exactly the right moment. It was called to the attention of President Harding, and there is reason to say that it had something to do with the calling of a meeting of prominent citizens in the White House out of which came an appeal to abolish the twelve-hour day. Shortly thereafter the United States Steel Corporation made public announcement



that it was changing to three shifts of eight hours. One of the letters which pleased me most was from Bishop McConnell and ended with this sentence: "But how you pulled off that stunt in that magazine is beyond me."

Chapter 15  
*In Colleges and Churches*  
ON THE CAMPUS AND IN THE CHURCHES

For twenty years much of my speaking was on the college campus, usually in one-day and two-day stands. The normal procedure was an assembly or chapel in the morning, a luncheon meeting with faculty members or a service club, an evening public meeting, with interviews with students and talks before classes sandwiched in between. It was a strenuous life and was made possible by robust health. Many nights were spent in college dormitories, fraternity houses, <sup>and</sup> homes - not to mention hotels, ~~of all grades of excellence and other wise.~~ Night after night I was on the Pullman, and additional strain came when connections were poor and I had to sit up much of the night.

Various elements of the Christian message were presented. At times the social gospel was emphasized, and during other periods the personal aspects were stressed. From old announcements I have taken these subjects: Is Jesus' Way of Life Practicable? A Constructive Foreign Foreign Policy; Sources of Spiritual Power; Is Mahatma Gandhi the Greatest Man Now Alive? Is it Patriotic to Support War? The Menace of Intolerance; Youth in a Revolutionary Age; What Religion Means To Me; Great Men I Have Known; Nationalism and Imperialism; Capitalism, Fascism, Communism and Socialism; The Meaning of the Cross; What Can Youth Do About War? Christianizing Business and Industry; Dictatorships: Black and Red; The Threat of Economic Concentration of Power; The Sermon on the Mount; The Newer Patriotism; Sinning by Syndicates; The Economics of the Kingdom of God; If the Lord's Prayer Should Be Fully Answered.

Even when speaking of the personal aspects of religion, I rarely made a call for public decision, preferring the practice of a period of quietness

and prayer, in which the individual was challenged to make a personal commitment of himself to Christ and his way of life. I recognized the value of a public stand on the part of the convinced individual, but by temperament and conviction chose the method of silent dedication.

Usually my program was arranged by the regional or state office of the student Young Men's Christian Association or Young Women's Christian Association. A week or more would be allocated and the itinerary determined locally. Some invitations came to me directly, or were obtained through a speakers' bureau. Substantial help from Sherwood Eddy enabled me to move about freely, usually receiving from local sources \$12.50 per day to cover traveling expenses, supplemented by fees from colleges and forums.

The number of colleges and universities where I have spoken must be nearly five hundred, including most state universities and larger colleges in all sections of the country. Many appearances were also made before women's clubs, service clubs, and public forums. Some years I traveled forty thousand miles within the United States. It has been my privilege to form friendships with many college presidents and professors, and to talk with leaders of successive college generations. Especially valued has been intimate contacts with secretaries of the student Christian movement, my most cherished friendship with student secretaries being with Gale Seaman, long-time regional secretary for the Pacific Southwest, who still lives in nearby Pasadena. For thirty-five years he has contributed much to my life.

From old records I am reminded of these experiences in speaking throughout the country:

"Seven hours in a row yesterday! Spoke to the girls at Radcliffe from 4 to 6; then went immediately to a theological seminary conference



at Harvard Theological Seminary where representatives had assembled from five seminaries. Was on my feet most of the time for seven hours. Feeling grandiferous!"

"From October 4th to December 18th, I spoke on 68 out of 75 days, in 19 states - Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, New York, Massachusetts, Maine, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana."

"Three hundred ministers at Syracuse, mass meeting of church women, with radio address in the afternoon."

"Two hundred Southern Baptist ministers at Raleigh."

"Three weekly radio addresses over national hook-up for Y. M. C. A."

"Foreign Policy Association luncheons in New York, Albany, Rochester."

"Five lectures at Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences."

"Spoke before 1,000 business and professional men at the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco, with 45 minutes over the Western chain of the National Broadcasting Company."

"Addressed the annual meeting of the Academy of Political and Social Science in Philadelphia."

"On Sunday I preached at the University of Chicago chapel."

"Lectured <sup>of under</sup> at the Jacob Schiff Foundation at Cornell."

"Spoke at the meeting of Amalgamated Clothing Workers in Rochester."

"Several addresses before Southern Presbyterian ministers at Massanetta."

"In nine months I have visited colleges in seventeen states in four sections of the country - including <sup>Amherst</sup> ~~Amherst~~, Dartmouth, Harvard, Yale, Smith, Wellesley, Cornell, Syracuse, Oberlin, Carleton, University of Nebraska, University of Kansas, Duke, Washington and Lee. From March to December I traveled 40,000 miles in this country."

I have always felt that the most creative work with students was done in student conferences, where for a week or ten days several hundred delegates from a region met at Northfield, Silver Bay, Eagles Mere, Buck Hill Falls, Blairtown, Blue Ridge, Kings Mountain, Hollister, Lake Geneva, Estes Park, Seabeck, Asilemar. It was my privilege to attend conferences at all these places. From 1922 to 1940 I spoke frequently, some years at five of these student conferences. Then there were the national conventions which I was privileged to address, the Student Volunteer Conventions at Indianapolis and Buffalo, the Milwaukee Conference of the national Christian student movement, the Memphis and DePauw conventions of Methodist youth, the interdenominational youth convention at Lakeside, and the national theological seminary students conference at Milwaukee.

For some years I engaged in public debates. This practice was abandoned because of a deepening conviction that this method created more heat than light, and was less effective than other forms of public presentation. A memorable Sunday afternoon experience was a debate over the radio with Admiral Fiske on the subject of armed preparedness. The Admiral was a poor debater and failed to use all his fifteen minutes. The announcer hurriedly asked if I could use the extra time, which I was glad to do. A debate was arranged at Penn State with General Fries of the Chemical Warfare Service. I found out that he was <sup>paid</sup> \$200, while my honorarium was \$50. One of my most exciting debates was with Maurice Samuel on Zionism at the Emil G. Hirsch Center in Chicago before an audience of two thousand. At Yale I debated Captain Sheridan on naval disarmament. In an old letter is this reference: "Sunday afternoon I debated Fascism with Lawrence Dennis before a Chicago audience that packed a big theater. The debate was a knock-down-and-drag-out affair." Harnell Hart and I debated Socialism



before the Bridgeport Sunday Evening Community Forum. In Washington I debated Pacifism with Colonel Yates, Chief of Chaplains, United States Army. Henry Cabot Lodge, now our representative at the United Nations, and I debated Disarmament before the Springfield Foreign Policy Association.

An unforgettable experience was a debate with Sherwood Eddy on Christian pacifism at the University of Mississippi, which began at eight o'clock and concluded in an adjourned session about midnight. Before the Chicago Open Forum I debated Judge McGearty on Military Training in the Colleges. He began by reading an excerpt from one of my books. To his surprise the audience broke into applause. After the third selection, the applause was louder. Thereupon the Judge exclaimed, "I never expected to hear treason applauded by an American audience." After addressing me courteously as "my distinguished opponent" and "Dr. Page," he referred to me as "Pirby Kage."

It was never necessary to drive myself in all this <sup>speaking</sup> ~~working~~. I received so much joy from it that the constant temptation was to attempt too much. As I look back over these years on the campus, in conferences, on the lecture platform and in the churches, it is difficult to imagine more creative opportunities than were presented to me week after week. Zest and enthusiasm and health were mine in abounding measure.



I find no hint of the size or significance of the big meetings in China.  
If for 20 years there were 2000 to 4000 students a day it was unprecedented in  
history.

## Chapter 16

### AGAIN IN THE NEAR EAST AND THE FAR EAST

"Constantinople and Angora, Cairo and Jerusalem, Damascus and Baghdad! The Nile and the Jordan, the Parphar and the Abana, the Tigris and the Euphrates! What a panorama has unfolded before us since my last letter!"

With these words I began a report letter to friends on October 16, 1929. The original of this letter <sup>was brought</sup> ~~came~~ down in a wreck of an air mail off the Italian coast. After my work in the British Museum Library, and after Alma and Maud and Sherwood had spent some weeks in the Soviet Union, we met in Constantinople, or Istanbul as it is now called. Since my previous visit in 1924, stupendous changes had been wrought, the most important being the banning of the Arabic alphabet and the substitution of Roman letters, and the abolition of the veil for women. Again we visited Robert College, and were impressed with the influence it was wielding all over the Near East.

We traveled by train thirteen hours to Angora, now Ankara, the capital of Turkey. Six years previously the seat of government had been removed from accessible Istanbul to this interior site. A primitive village was in process of being transformed into a modern city. We then traveled all day by train into the heart of the interior. At Tallas we stayed for two nights with American missionaries, and were able to observe village life. Six hours by automobile to the railway enabled us to see shepherd~~s~~ with their flocks and their small Bedouin tents. We passed hundreds of camels, 150 in one caravan. By train we made the journey through Adana and Aleppo to Tripoli in Syria. From

there we went by automobile to Beirut, where we visited the American University, talked with President Dodge, and exchanged reminiscences with Leland and Grace Parr, old Drake friends. We traveled south in our car through ancient Tyre and Sidon, seeing many people sitting on the flat roof of their house, while below the donkeys were stabled. At Haifa we stayed in a hotel on Mount Carmel, with a wonderful view of the Mediterranean. Below us was the river where Elijah had his famous contest with the priests of Baal. In the distance we could see dimly the range of hills twenty miles away where Nazareth stood. I got up at five o'clock in the morning and watched the sun rise across the plain of Esdraelon. As we went south from Haifa we passed the ruins of an ancient castle built by the crusaders. On our way to Cairo we cross the Suez Canal in a ferry.

When we arrived at the home of Wilbert and Betty Smith, I was slightly indisposed. Betty suggested a dose of castor oil, and when I demurred, she replied, "Oh yes, you will!" And I did. Alma and I went by rail to Assiut on one of the hottest days of the year. The heat and dust and sand flies made life miserable, and Alma was sent to bed with chills and fever. In two and a half days, I spoke eight times, through an interpreter, and had four full course turkey dinners! And survived to tell the tale! The Nile was at higher stage than it had been for fifty years. In the Cairo museum we saw the jewels and ornaments that came from the tomb of Tutankamen, several rooms being required to display them, and we marveled at the pyramids and the sphinx.

In Jerusalem we stayed at the American colony, maintained by the descendants of a group which came from Chicago about 1870 to be on hand for the second coming of Christ. Brother Jacob, its leader, was an excellent guide and carried us on the round of sacred places, tracing the



*traditional. I believe he was born in Nazareth*

for us the steps of our Lord from place to place in the Holy City. In Bethlehem we could not have been many feet from the site of the manger where Jesus was born. We went down from Jerusalem to Jericho without being beaten up by robbers on the way. We stood on the banks of the River Jordan and saw the Dead Sea, 1290 below sea level, the lowest body of water on earth.

*in Israel.*  
We had many interviews about the political situation. Only a few months previously there had been rioting in Jerusalem, and the situation was still tense. We talked with the Governor of Jerusalem, many Jewish leaders, and with the Grand Mufti, head of the Supreme Moslem Council of Palestine, and a direct descendant of Mohammed, *who fomented all the massacres and wars against the Jews.* We talked with him for an hour and half in a room overlooking the courtyard of the Mosque of Omar, which was built on the site of Solomon's Temple. Nearby Paul was once mobbed. Both Sherwood and ~~xxx~~ I reached the conclusion that the endeavor to transform Palestine into a political homeland for the Jews would lead to continued warfare for a long period. Later, when I returned to the United States, some of my Jewish friends, including Rabbi Wise, were grieved over my opposition to political Zionism.

It was at the Sea of Galilee and on the hilltop of Nazareth that I was most deeply moved. Archie Hart, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Jerusalem, served as our guide. We spent a night at Tiberias on the shore of Galilee. Ruins of an ancient wall and castle were still visible. Alma and I got up at five o'clock and went to a quiet spot on the shore and saw the sun rise across the lake. We drove along the shore to the <sup>*site*</sup> ruins of ancient Capernaum, where we saw the ruins of a synagogue which is supposed to be the one built by a Roman centurion in the time of Christ. The whole region was deserted, except for Tiberias and a few fishermen at isolated



spots. Indeed, we were so much alone that I slipped off my clothes and had a swim in the Sea of Galilee. For an unhurried time we sat on the shore and enjoyed the blue water, so blue that it seemed artificially colored. Nearby were the sites of Bethsaida and Chorazin, and we had pointed out to us the traditional sites of the Sermon on the Mount, and the high precipice over which the herd of swine were supposed to have rushed.

In less than an hour we covered the sixteen miles between the Sea of Galilee and Nazareth. As we drew near, Sherwood and I got out of the car and began climbing the hill and down into the village. This experience enabled us on the following morning to find our way before daylight. At four o'clock we got up and began the climb, reaching the top in pitch darkness. In order to be alone, we separated and sat down under the vivid and friendly stars. I was exhilarated as rarely before in my life. Soon the first streaks of dawn appeared, and then the full glory of sunrise. It was an unforgettable scene. To the far north was Mount Hermon with its everlasting snow, and the hills of Lebanon. To the west the Mediterranean Sea was plainly visible. I could even watch the white sailboats on the blue waters, twenty miles away. To the southwest was Mount Carmel, where we had spent a night, and to the south the famous plain of Esdraelon, where many of the famous battles of history had been fought. Here the Hebrews had fought the Canaanites, the Midianites, and the Philistines. Across this plain had swept the forces of Syria, Babylon, Assyria, Egypt, Rome and Greece. Cleopatra, Pompey, Mark Antony and Titus all led their forces to battle in this fertile plain. Later came the crusaders and Napoleon. To the east is the Jordan valley. Only four miles away on the top of a neighboring hill was the site of ancient Sepphoris where, during the days of Jesus, the Romans crushed a rebellion, burned the city and crucified 2,000 Jewish patriots. I read

from the Gospel of Mark about the doings of Jesus in the days of long ago, and reflected on the marvel that such wondrous blessings for mankind had come out of Nazareth. God was near and it was easy to pray.

During the ten hours of our journey by car from Jerusalem to Damascus, we were thrilled by the realization that the road traveled by Saul, ~~thrust~~ "breathing out threatening and slaughter" against the early Christians, could not have been far from where we were riding. From Damascus we went by automobile caravan, with a French armored car, across the Arabian desert to Baghdad, a journey of twenty-six hours. In the middle of the night it became so <sup>cold</sup> ~~cold~~ that we were easily convinced that the poet had never been in such a desert or he would not have written, "Till the sands of the desert grow cold!"

The four of us were granted an interview with His Majesty King Faisal of Iraq. While engaged in discussion of the situation in Palestine, we were interrupted by a commotion in the garden. His Majesty's eyes flashed, he gave a sharp command, but relaxed into a smile when informed that nothing was more serious than the discomfiture of an old hen which had been pounced upon by the King's favorite puppy.

We visited the ruins of ancient Babylon, and were thrilled to stand on the crumbled ruins of Nebuchadnezzar's palace and see the exact spot where his son Belshazzar held his famous feast and received the warning of the doom of his empire. We saw the ruins of the temple in which King Hammurabi had placed his renowned code of laws. Previously we had seen this code in the Louvre in Paris. Not far away was the place where Alexander the Great died. On our way to Basra, on the Persian Gulf, we passed within two miles of Ur of Chaldees. This city was already hoary with age in the days of Abraham. In the museum in Baghdad, and in the British Museum, we saw the marvelous collection of jewels, carvings and other objects of art



only recently removed from the ruins of Ur by the excavators.

From Baghdad we went by train to Basra, and from there our small ship steamed through the Persian Gulf, the Gulf of Oman, and the Arabian Sea at the north end of the Indian Ocean, to the Indian port of Karachi and on to Bombay. Our boat carried a cargo of three thousand tons of dates. We were amused at a sign on the stair landing leading down to the dining room: "NOTICE. Dogs are strictly prohibited in passenger cabins, public dining rooms, saloon entrances and promenade deck. All dogs must be placed in charge of the ship's butcher on embarkation. By order of the MASTER." I notice that in a letter to the folks at home, Alma commented, "However, we have not had any hot dogs as yet!"

We went at once to Calcutta, the rail journey from Bombay requiring forty hours. Our first important interview was with the poet Rabindranath Tagore, who had been awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature, who impressed us greatly with his snow white hair and venerable appearance. Then for two months we had a steady stream of conversation with leaders throughout India. Sherwood had lived there for fifteen years and was an important world figure, and Charles F. Andrews, Mr. Gandhi's closest friend, had opened wide the doors for us. While <sup>in India</sup> ~~he~~ was in the United States, I had the privilege of arranging his schedule and came to know him affectionately. Also in our favor was the fact that Mahatma Gandhi had printed in twenty issues of his paper, Young India, most of my book, War: Its Causes, Consequences and Cure. The result was that we were able to arrange interviews with practically all the individuals approached - political leaders, editors, educators, missionaries.

In Allahabad, Alma and I stayed with Sam Higginbottom and his wife, and were greatly impressed with their experimental farming, training high caste boys to do manual labor, and their work with lepers. Sherwood



and Maud were entertained in the Nehru mansion. <sup>M</sup>Netilal the father was on tour, but Jawarharlal and his wife were at home. Alma and I had a meal with them, while Sherwood and I talked politics with him in unhurried conversation, once for two hours without interruption. In a letter to the folks at home, I made this prophecy, "The name of Jawarharlal Nehru will appear prominently in the news of India during the coming months. His star is rising rapidly and soon may be shining most brilliantly of all."

From the Nehru home we went directly to the Viceregal Lodge in Delhi, where we were entertained at luncheon by Lord and Lady Irwin. Following the meal we were taken to his private office, where the Viceroy talked with us frankly. Upon learning that we were soon to visit Mr. Gandhi, <sup>and as he was anxious to avoid bloodshed</sup> he requested us to pass on to the Mahatma the substance of his conversation about the freedom of India.

We arrived at the Asram on Monday, which was Mr. Gandhi's weekly period <sup>day</sup> of silence. Gandhiji received us with a most hospitable smile, but was unable to converse with us until later. Following the chanting of evening prayers, Mr. Gandhi broke his silence and talked on a devotional theme. We were then invited to his own quarters. He seated himself on his bed in the open garden where he slept, while we occupied a nearby bench, and there we talked for nearly an hour. On the following morning we were invited to his office and for an hour and a half discussed politics. He spoke with frankness, as he worked away at his spinning wheel. On the next afternoon we talked for another hour.

The four of us felt that we were in the presence of one of the noblest spirits of the age, if not indeed the greatest man then alive. He had a frail little body and weighed less than a hundred pounds, wore a minimum of clothing, usually going stripped to the waist, with his feet bare except for sandals when outdoors. His ears were large, his teeth were in wretched shape, and his head

was shaved, yet we did not think of him as homely. His smile was radiant and infectious. He ate only fruit and nuts and drank goat's milk. One of our memorable experiences was getting up at four and sitting with him and his followers on the sand of the river <sup>bank</sup> and praying together for half an hour.

We attended the Indian National Congress at Lahore, and were able to meet many of its leaders. Here we were able to talk again with Jawaharlal Nehru and Mahatma Gandhi. Late one afternoon Sherwood and I were seated on the front row, when a friend handed us a note from Mr. Nehru saying that Mahatmajī was going out for evening prayer and inviting us to join him. In a nearby tent we sat in a circle on the sawdust and prayed together for half an hour.

After reading much about Mr. Gandhi, talking with people all over India about him, and receiving intimate impressions of him, I could not escape the conclusion that he was one of the great men of the ages. The depth of his prayer life, the vitality of his faith in God, the degree of his identification with the suffering of his people, his trust in the power of the spirit, his freedom from bitterness and hatred, his compassion and courage and devotion - all stamped him as one of the noblest men then living. And this in spite of his <sup>??</sup> dominating relation to his wife and children, his veneration of the cow, his opposition to modern medicine and hospitals, and his rejection of modern machinery.

*paternal, primitive or something else. This word is unfair*

The Lahore Congress was the point in Indian nationalism where the leaders finally became convinced that the British government would not or could not grant autonomous dominion status in the immediate future. Mr. Gandhi, Mr. Nehru and other outstanding men in the Congress could not longer consent to gradualism, with complete self-government deferred for an indefinite period, and so they made plans for another campaign of non-violent non-cooperation with the British government. Sherwood and I then felt that it would have been better to have moved forward by stages toward independence, but time was to

*I do not think this word is fair to Gandhi. He used modern*

*machinery on his plan. (His attitude toward modern machinery is unfair)*



prove that our judgment was unsound. What we did not take sufficiently into account was the unwillingness of human beings to accept inferior status when they become filled with ~~hope~~ of complete autonomy.

A memorable experience was our trip to Agra to see the famous Taj Mahal, sometimes said to be the most beautiful of all human structures. It is a mausoleum and memorial built about three centuries ago. We spent much of a day seeing it in various moods - in brilliant sunlight, in the colors of the going down of the sun, and under the spell of full moonlight. Superlative words of description cannot do it full justice. We were fortunate at Darjeeling in having the rain stop, the clouds clear away and the sun shine for an hour's unobstructed view of Kanchenjunga, third highest mountain peak in the world, only 856 feet lower than Mount Everest, which we had hoped to see but were unable to do so because of adverse weather conditions.

A significant experience was a visit to the home of a labor leader, with whom I discussed economic problems. His tiny house was crammed with relatives as we sat on the floor for a simple meal, served on banana leaves and eating with the fingers of our right hand. In childhood I had broken a kneecap and now found the cramped position on the crowded floor painful.

We were fortunate in being able to stay with missionaries in most places and to have them share their knowledge and experience with us. They were divided in judgment concerning Mr. Gandhi and independence for India. Most of them were sympathetic, but at breakfast one morning our hostess exclaimed, "Mr. Gandhi will burn in hell for his sins."

After ten crowded weeks in India filled with memorable experiences, we sailed for China and the Philippines, embarking at Colombo, port of Ceylon, and touching at Singapore. After two days in Shanghai conferring about plans for our tour of China, we went to the Philippines. For two weeks we had an endless round of interviews, visits, and much speaking. Our most important



interview was with Manuel L. Quezon, president of the Senate and most influential political leader. Perhaps our most interesting conversation was with Aguinaldo, leader of the armed <sup>opposition to</sup> action against the United States forces. We had an informing talk with Governor-General Davis, and met many outstanding leaders. The most frequent subject of conversation was freedom for the Philippines, for which we had long been working, and our convictions were deepened by what we saw and heard.

In China the four of us were together in Hongkong and Canton, for part of the time in Nanking, and did not meet again until the end of the China tour. In Hongkong we stayed in a home high in the hills, with a glorious view of the harbor and the city. At night the scene appeared to be a fairyland. In Canton, Sherwood received one of the most enthusiastic responses in his long experience in China. I spoke two and three times daily in less significant meetings, and soon learned to be at home with an interpreter, using two or three short sentences and automatically waiting for his response.

Alma and I spent twelve days in Shanghai, where we met many old friends and saw the interesting sights. An old record shows that I made twenty-seven addresses while there. The highlight of our four days in Nanking was dinner with President and Madam Chiang Kai-shek. The four of us were the only guests, except the interpreter. The General did not speak English, and said little all evening. I never saw Sherwood try harder to provoke conversation, <sup>and</sup> but he had little success. At the other end of the table, where Maud and Alma sat on either side of Madam China Kai-shek, there was an animated conversation. We were given a feast by Wang Chung Hui, head of the Judicial Yuan and a judge of the World Court, and were surrounded by distinguished guests. We had interviews with C. T. Wang, Minister of Foreign Affairs,

T. V. Soong, Minister of Finance; Sun Fo, Minister of Railways; and talked with our old friend Thomas Tehou, who was head of the Department of Labor. Mr. George Sokolsky invited us to meet newspaper correspondents at luncheon. We had five rewarding hours with Dr. Hu Shih, perhaps the greatest living Chinese scholar.

In Hankow, Wuchang and Changsha, I spoke at twenty-nine meetings, on various aspects of Christianity and international relations. In ~~Hx~~ Changsha at a special meeting arranged by the governor of the province, I had an unforgettable experience. Eighteen hundred people were packed in the new Sun Yat Sen Hall, where the acoustics were atrocious. People came and went throughout my address. Many were talking at the top of their voices. A man would see a friend some ten rows away and would rise and exclaim, "Oh, so you've come. Have you had your food?" The bottoms of the seats were equipped with springs which impelled them violently upward as soon as anyone stood up. The result was a series of machine-gun-like reports throughout the meeting. My impression was that a few people on the first five rows got a faint idea of what I was saying through an interpreter.

Extreme social disorder, banditry, and civil war, made it impossible for us to go directly to Tientsin by rail from Hankow. Instead, Alma and I went by river steamer to Shanghai and by boat up the coast. From Peiping we traveled by train twenty-two hours to Mukden, and I went alone another twelve hours to Harbin, in northern Manchuria, near the Russian border, where I had interesting interviews, saw the sights, and attended the Good Friday service in the Russian Orthodox cathedral. I did not speak Chinese or Russian and had difficulty in ordering breakfast. "Ham and eggs" finally brought a platter with five fresh eggs and two slabs of ham. Taking out my can of George Washington coffee, I ordered hot water, cream and sugar. In time I was handed the bill -

This was exceptional and seems to imply the meetings were a jolt



twenty cents in American money for the poultry-yard and pig-pen, and thirteen cents for the fixings for the coffee.

In Japan we had interviews with Prime Minister Hamaguchi, Prince Tokugawa, Foreign Minister Baron Shidehara, Home Minister Adachi, American Ambassador Castle, and score of educational, social workers and missionaries. And we renewed an old acquaintance with that amazing person Toyohiko Kagawa.

Throughout the tour, our debt to missionaries and secretaries of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations was substantial indeed. We were deeply impressed with the significant mission work being ~~that~~ done, and many times wondered if he had made a mistake in not carrying out our early intention of being missionaries in some foreign land.

During the many days at sea we read voluminously, having brought along a trunkful of books, and constantly picking up new ones as we went from country to country. We played many games of bridge, and I must confess that I took it so seriously and was so eager to win that I did not prove to be a good bridge companion. We played shuffleboard and walked many a mile on the promenade decks. Wonderful were the experiences of worship under the stars at night and at the break of dawn. Sherwood and Maud were unexcelled as traveling companions, and our obligation to them is quite beyond repayment. Sherwood paid my tour expenses to the extent of \$3,000, while Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr. provided the fund which enabled Alma to make the world tour. Early in June, 1930, we landed at San Francisco, after a year of privilege crowded upon privilege in many lands.



## Chapter 17

*This is a good chapter*

### EDITOR OF THE WORLD TOMORROW

From 1926 to 1934 I was editor of The World Tomorrow, a monthly magazine founded by Norman Thomas. In 1921 this position had been offered to me, but at that time it did not seem wise to accept. When this work was taken up it was with the understanding that only half time would be devoted to it, since I was reluctant to abandon my other writing and speaking across the nation.

On our masthead we carried the caption: "A Journal Looking Toward a Social Order Based on the Religion of Jesus." It was a magazine of Christian pacifism and Christian socialism, and was committed to equality of opportunity and status for all races. We published many articles on the social gospel, and constantly emphasized contrasts between communism and the socialism of the British Labor Party, and between communism and the socialism of Norman Thomas. We were opposed to the united front movement with communists, and also to violence in the class struggle, as well as to war in all forms. Our point of view throughout was Christian pacifist, democratic socialism. *improve*

At the beginning Devere Allen served as Executive Editor, but in 1928 he and Reinhold Niebuhr became full editors, and in 1932 Paul H. Douglas, later United States Senator from Illinois, joined us as an editor. Our contributing editors included John Haynes Holmes, Bishop Paul Jones, Rufus M. Jones, Norman Thomas, John Bennett, Patrick Murphy Malin, H. K. Brailsford, M. Richard Niebuhr, Bishop Francis J. McConnell.

The range of our articles is revealed in this limited list:  
Howard Thurman, Peace Tactics and a Racial Minority.  
J. Ramsay MacDonald, How American Foreign Policy Matters.  
Stuart Chase, Violence in Labor Disputes.  
John Dewey, The Fruits of Nationalism.

- Rufus M. Jones, Building the Soul of a People.
- Rabindranath Tagore, East and West.
- Harry Emerson Fosdick, The World's Hope is in its Minorities.
- Mahatma Gandhi, Why Voluntary Poverty.
- E. Stanley Jones, A Missionary Adventure.
- Norman Thomas, Socialism: the Way Out.
- Ernest Fremont Little, What Will the Churches Do With Jesus?
- Raymond B. Fosdick, Two Roads to Disarmament.
- John C. Bennett, Christianity and Class Consciousness.
- S. Ralph Harlow, What War Does to the Minds of Children.
- Sherwood Eddy, Japan's Policy in Korea.
- Henry F. Van Dusen, The Sickness of Liberal Religion.
- Walter Judd, The Way of Love in China.
- Richard E. Gregg, The Meaning of Gandhi's Fast.
- Jerry Voorhis, Socialize the Land.
- Pearl S. Buck, The Higher Nationalism.
- Romain Rolland, Imperialism and Revolt.
- George W. Norris, Big Banks are Swallowing Industry.
- Reinhold Niebuhr, Hitlerism: A Devil's Brew.
- Jerome Davis, The Religious Press and the Oil Scandals.
- Charles S. Johnson, Debts and Credits in Negro-White Relations.
- A. Maude Royden, Religion in Europe.
- Mahatma Gandhi, Non-Violence - the Greatest Force.
- Samuel Guy Inman, Why Pan-Americanism Fails.
- Kenneth S. Latourette, An Appreciation of Non-Christian Faiths.
- Harold E. Fey, Free the Philippines.
- John Haynes Holmes, A Study in Anti-Semitism.
- A. J. Muste, Pacifism and the Class War.
- Halford E. Luccock, The First Fine Careless Rapture.

We published a notable series of articles on "Recent Gains in American Civilization," including the following:

Charles A. Beard, Recent Gains in Government.

Norman Thomas, Adventures in the Quest for Peace.

Oswald Garrison Villard, The Bright Side of the American Press.

Rockwell Kent, New Influences in Art.

David Starr Jordan, Recent Advances in Science.

Harry Emerson Fosdick, Recent Gains in Religion.

John Dewey, A Critique of American Civilization.

During the eight years I published the results of four questionnaires, the first one dealing with the Monroe Doctrine. In 1930 the question of the sole guilt of Germany for the First World War was an explosive international issue. I published a summary of replies from 429 leaders of opinion in the United States. One question was: Do you believe that Germany and her allies were solely responsible for causing the World War? The replies were - yes 48, No 364. Another query was: Do you believe that Germany was more responsible than any other Power for causing the World War? - 209 replies yes, 152 no.

In 1931 a total of 19,372 replies came from clergymen to a questionnaire on war and peace. One question was: Do you believe that the churches of America should now go on record as refusing to sanction or support any future war? - yes 12,076, no 4,723. Another query was: Are you personally prepared to state that it is your present purpose not to sanction any future war or participate as an armed combatant? - yes 10,427, no 5,801.

In 1934 a total of 20,870 clergymen replied to questions on war and economic justice. To the question: Are you personally prepared to state that it is your present purpose not to sanction any future war or participate as an armed combatant? 12,904 replied yes, 5,208 no. Another question was: If you favor a cooperative commonwealth, which political system seems to



you to offer the most effective method of achieving this end? Drastically reformed capitalism 10,691; fascism - as in Italy 111; communism - as in Soviet Russia and as represented by the Communist Party of the United States 123; socialism - as represented by the Socialist Party of America, or by a new and more inclusive socialistic alignment, in which the present Socialist Party would be included 5,879.

Through the eight year many leading poets contributed to The World Tomorrow, including Edna St. Vincent Millay, Margaret Widdemeyer, Louis Untermeyer, Vachel Lindsay, Sarah N. Cleghorn, E. Merrill Root, Genevieve Taggart, David Morton, Winnifred Welles, Stanton A. Coblentz, Robert P. Tristram Coffin.

In spite of the ability of my colleagues on the editorial staff and the eminence of our writers, we were never able to build the circulation beyond 16,500 copies, and many of these were subsidized subscriptions to public libraries. We were too serious, too heavy, too radical on too many issues for a popular following. We never received many subscriptions from literalists in religion, believers in racial segregation, or opponents of pacifism and socialism. Although the number of subscribers was never large, our list included many leaders of religion and education throughout the country. We received much praise - and few subscriptions.

All magazines of this character have to be subsidized. The \$173,000 we raised in eight years was not enough, and in the fifth year of the depression we were compelled to suspend publication, and merge with The Christian Century. There were several reasons why ~~xxx~~ we were not able to survive the depression. Our circulation was always low, we were never able to obtain much advertising, and I made several mistakes in judgment - <sup>serious</sup> increasing the size to 48 pages, paying substantial rates to our writers,

and maintaining an expensive staff, although Niebuhr and I did not receive salaries from The World Tomorrow. The change to a weekly <sup>also</sup> proved to be a blunder. I had obtained three gifts of \$5,000 each, with many smaller gifts, and thought that with an editorial staff of Devere Allen, Reinhold Niebuhr, Paul H. Douglas, Halford E. Luccock, George A. Coe, <sup>and</sup> ~~Mr~~ H. N. Brailsford, we could rapidly build circulation as a weekly. Twice we sent 100,000 free copies to ministers and educators, with disappointing results in circulation. My own work ~~xxx~~ with the magazine was seriously handicapped by the fact that only half time was devoted to it, and that I was away frequently on extended speaking tours across the nation, and making a world tour of eleven months.. After four years in an Arizona desert school, Kirby Jr. could not return to New York for health reasons, and some months before we knew that the magazine would go under we made arrangements to move to California, so that he and Mary could be together in Whittier College. This would have meant that I would have been away from home even more than I had been. This reduced my enthusiasm for the magazine and was a factor in my unwillingness to put forth the extra energy required to keep it alive. Through the years The World Tomorrow owed most to the efficiency and tireless zeal of Devere Allen. During the six years that Reinhold Niebuhr was an editor, we maintained affectionate relations and never had a serious difference of editorial judgment about policy.

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